

Bad Ideas

Fall 2K4

4

\$2.00



GOOD BYE
THE NOTHING

introduction

Well, some of the "crazy" from the last issue spilled over to this one, but not much. It's a shorter zine this time but we finally got some interviews and some good photos (thanks Sean) so I'm happy with this one.

Some stuff is coming together better, other stuff is..., not. One thing that isn't is the columns. We need some people to replace some of our more flakey columnist. So listen up people. We need columnists & this is what we're looking for. We'd like to get some folks from Ypsi, we'd like to get more women, we'd like get some people more closely involved in the bar music scene and some one who's into Oi/streetpunk. We'd also like to get some people to write for us that are doing cool things that don't involve music, like writing zines, making shirts, artists, running indy businesses, or being parents. You know, if you're doing interesting things, we want you to write for us. Not that you'd have to write only about what you do but it gives you a different perspective than we have. You don't have to be a good writer, just consistent. Basically we need a few columnist and we need them to commit to writing for every issue (on time please) There are some groups of people we'd like to represent more but really, if yer interested we'd like to hear from you. So, if you think you might like to give it a shot, drop me a line at reddjosh@hotmail.com.

This will be the last issue of the year. We pulled it off somehow. at least so far. Wish us luck as we start on a new year. This will also be the last intro I write as I turn the reins over to Jef Porkins (so that I can leave town real quick) and just to change things around, you know, keep things interesting. (and jef funnier than I am)

O.K. people, one last thing. THE DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE IS DECEMBER 1st 2004. o.k got it!, not January 1st, not January 10th O.K. really, not even December 10th. December 1st as in December 1st. (first) (December) (2004) not 2005. O.K... really this time. not Febuary O.K. ...okay..

O.K. -Josh Redd Sanchez-

BAD IDEAS #4

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(please do not EMAIL us about booking shows)

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Correction In the History Section of last issue (#3), The Local Chaos Zine page #s were incorrect. Pages 2-3 were really page 4-5 and pages 4-5 were really 6-7. Sorry.

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NEXT ISSUE JANUARY '05
ADS DUE DECEMBER 1ST '04

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AND SPECIAL THANKS TO
DAVE FROM THE TEETH

**SUBMISSIONS DUE
DECEMBER 1ST**

Bad Ideas is accepting submissions for Columns, Articles, Review Material, Comics and What not. **All submissions due before Dec. 1st.** Mail a hard copy to our address or email them to thisbadidea@yahoo.com. Columnists, here's some tips so you don't piss off the 300+ lb. guy that formats the columns:

- * Make it a Word Document.
- * Don't try to shape it like a column. Just type it out and trust that it'll be formatted correctly.
- * Don't waste space between paragraphs. At the end of your paragraph, hit Enter once, hit Tab once (to indent) and resume typing.
- * Use the Times New Roman font, size 8.
- * To title a paragraph, put the title in **bold**.
- * Use spell check. Remember: a *witch* rides a broom, think of that when you decide *which* word to use.

DISCLAIMER: This is the part that usually reads: "The views and opinions expressed within this magazine are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views of Bad Ideas or the Bad Ideas staff as a whole." But, instead, I'll put it like this: Look, Bad Ideas is a collected work of upwards of 20 people. Everybody signs their name, so you know who's sayin' what. There you are. While we do have standards to uphold, these standards are fairly broad, so anything goes...within reason. For example, I think it is widely held that basing a persons worth on that person's gender or race is out of the bounds of reason, while the idea that George W. Bush is, himself, a terrorist is completely reasonable. Thank you & enjoy.

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BOX

The summer of 1991.

This was a strange time in American underground culture. The main stream interest in Punk music was beginning to surface in the form of popular retro Punk/metal sounding "grunge" bands. Cross culture Groups like Ice -T's Body Count along with the collaboration between Anthrax and Public Enemy were things that couldn't have been imagined just a few years prior. We also had, thanks in part to Mr. Farrell the first big underground music fest with the introduction of Lollapalooza. At the same time people who dressed in punk fashions were still being discriminated against in all walks of life. You couldn't get a job at the mall in 1991 with multi-colored hair or a nose piercing. In fact you would be lucky if security didn't try to throw you out. There was no Hot Topic. Punks would get into fights downtown with marauding Jocks. Skinheads from out of town would come and start fights. It was a weird time in Ann Arbor. It seemed more violent and restless then.

For me it was a year of bad craziness. I was seventeen and all I wanted to do was party and play Rock N' Roll all night long. Well, honestly that's all I still want to do, but when you're seventeen it can seem like that is the only thing in the world that matters.

I played bass and sang in a group with my friend Rodney who played guitar. We called ourselves Pulp. This was about a year or two before that lame English band Pulp got big in the U.S. Rodney and I both grew up in Milan, a small town 20 minutes south of Ann Arbor. Because of this and being so young we never really got to play out that much except at some house parties. We both hung out a lot in Ann Arbor and we would go see bands when ever we could.

Most of my friends who were in bands went to Community High School. There my friends had a venue for their bands to perform. The school administration allowed students to organize shows at the school. At the end of the year they would have a huge all day festival featuring the best of the school's bands called Comstock. It used to be held right behind the school, but in recent years it's been held at West Park. In 1991 the show fell under the control of several students that were slightly biased as to which bands could play. Because of this some of my friend's bands weren't allowed to participate. This lead to the organization of a group of house shows known as the Corn Stock shows.

All the Corn Stock shows were held just outside of town at a farmhouse on West Liberty Rd. just past Wagner Rd. This is where my three friends Kyle, Gabe, and Chris lived. Two of them were in bands not allowed to play at that years Comstock. They were super pissed about this and decided to hold their own show in protest. The idea was to let every band that couldn't play Comstock come and play at their show. Plus they allowed bands that weren't from Community High (like mine) to have a chance to play. They had the perfect place for it. Their house had a large back porch that made a perfect stage. The back yard was huge and could accommodate a good size audience. It was also outside of the city and fairly secluded from the neighbors. With a little planning and word of mouth promotion the wheels were set in motion and the night of the first show quickly was upon us.

I don't remember the date of the first Corn Stock. I think it was held at the end of May. I can barely remember the first night. Some key points I remember were the large number of people and me being super nervous. There were at least 150 to 200 people there. No one had thought it was going to attract so many folks and we quickly ran out of parking space. People started parking along Liberty out in front of the house. The cars were lined up for almost a 1/2-mile. This alerted the neighbors that a large party was in progress, which lead to the cops being called. I don't remember who the first few bands were but right as we were about to play our first song the cops showed up and shut the whole thing down. Damn pigs and neighbors. It was very discouraging

but it didn't keep us from trying again.

The second Corn Stock was held on July 13. Out of the three events this one was the most successful. This time someone involved with the show spoke with the owner of a golf course that was under construction next door. He was sympathetic to the situation and allowed people to park down the street on the paved entranceway to the golf course. They also informed the neighbors of what would be happening and got the show started early. One of the things I remember is someone (who shall remain nameless) setting fire to the field behind the barn! The fire was a really big and super hot. In the afternoon some drunken punker guy from Detroit decided he was going to drive his Ford Ranger into the woods for a little off roading. He ended up stuck in a large creek just inside the woods. His truck was almost completely turned upside down on its side. He and his buddy were stuck there until the next day. His friend, who looked a lot like Glen Danzig, got so pissed he beat the guy's ass later that night. Some amazing bands played that day. I believe this was The Jaks first show, as well as Nadsat Nation. Also we all got a special treat late that night when an unknown group from Lansing showed up and blew everyone away. The group was Ugly Stick. They were amazing! The band consisted of only a three piece at this point and played instrumental jams. In the years following they would become a fixture on the local scene and acquire two rappers. This was several years before bands like Rage Against The Machine or any of that other Nu-metal crap, and Ugly Stick was actually really good.

The Third Corn Stock was the most intense! It was held on Friday Sept 13th. Yeah Friday the 13th! It was by far the biggest and had the most bands. Before the festivities started Chris had cooked up some "rice crispy freaks". These consisted of rice crispy treats with some liquid LSD and hash mixed in for good measure. There were more then three kegs going at one time. There were so many bands that at one point everyone was using some kind of sign up sheet to keep order. First come, first serve. More and more bands kept on showing up and wanting to play. There must have been somewhere between 3 and 4 hundred people there at one time. School was back in session at this point, and Rodney and I had brought a new friend to the party. His name was Yuan. He was a foreign exchange student from Germany. He had only been here for about a week and this was his first American party experience. He got really fucked up early on and spent most of the evening past out on the couch inside. The party just kept getting bigger and bigger with more people showing up from all over southeast Michigan. When it came time for our group to play we were super WASTED! The LSD had taken hold and trying to play bass and sing became something of a nightmare. Rodney and I couldn't tell if we were in tune. The music sounded like a helicopter on stage. At one point I remember asking the crowd "Is anyone out there as fucked up as we are?"

In not so many words, we sucked. Well, so much for tripping while playing shows. Afterward our drummer packed up his drums and told us he was quitting and he took off in a hurry. I was so freaked out by it all that it made my acid trip kick in to high gear. I went in the house and sat in a chair in a catatonic state for about an hour or so. When I came out I was tripping really hard but in a good way and I found a nice place to chill and do some people watching. It was nuts. There were a few little campfires spread around the backyard with all sorts of folks standing around drinking and taking various drugs of choice. Kyle's dog had eaten one of the LSD "treats" and was freaking out running around all over the place.

Around this time I began to notice a bunch of "hardcore" looking punks causing a commotion off to the left of the stage. Someone said they were part of a Detroit punk "gang" called the "Colder Then You Crew" and that they were affiliated with a band called "Cold as Life". I had never heard of them, but their reputation was apparently large and one of drunken violence and chaos. There was about 12 or 15 people in their group. They also brought a couple of dogs along which began sporadically fighting with Kyle's flipped out dog. I didn't think too much of it at the time. I was tripping my ass off and having fun. These rowdy punks didn't seem that threatening. Little did I know what was about to happen.

Kyle's band "Totem" was about to play. While they were setting up their gear the Detroit punks started getting really agitated. They were starting to pick fights and fuck with people. Several of them were arguing with Kyle. See, they had showed up expecting to have their band play immediately. They weren't about waiting till their name came up on

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the sign up sheet. I watched from a distance as Kyle tried to talk to the people from Cold as Life. As they traded words I could sort of tell it wasn't going well. They didn't seem to like what Kyle said but seemed to back off a little. So Kyle and his band started playing, and everything seemed fine until I saw a couple of bottles hit the back of the stage behind the drums. The band stopped. Kyle then made a momentous discussion. He called out the rowdy Detroit punks over the P.A. I remember him saying something to the mass of people like, "Come on people! They aren't even from here. There are way more of us than them! Come on everybody, if we stand together we can make them leave!"

Of course the Ann Arbor crowd was way to passive and flakey to ever take a stand like that. Most people just backed off and waited to see what would happen. The punks from Detroit were super pissed off now. The friends I was standing with decided that this was a perfect time to split before it got any worse. Unfortunately for me leaving wasn't an option. Both Rodney and I were far too wasted too do much of anything except stand and watch the drama start to unfold.

A group of large tattooed guys from the Detroit punk gang jumped up on the stage and surrounded Kyle. They yelled at each other for a minute then the lead punker head butted Kyle. He stood back for a second then punched the lead punk in the face with the microphone. All hell broke loose. All the lights went out except one strobe light. I was standing about 20 feet from the stage as I saw a mass of bodies descend on Kyle. They all came crashing down in a huge pile about 20 feet to my left. I saw people running, yelling and punching in slow motion due to the strobe. I felt like I couldn't move. The drugs and the fear were in charge of my brain. My friend Scott ran up and took my arm and shouted "Grab the Keg before someone steals it!" We grabbed the keg and ran with it into the house. Once inside, we panicked for a sec, not sure what to do. Scott poured a beer. Chris's girlfriend Colleen called the police. A huge wave of guilt over took me for not going to Kyle's aid. I turned to run outside to help when I was practically run over by Chris, Kyle and Gabe coming in to grab weapons. Chris ran out with Nun-chucks and Kyle took a large wooden staff. As I followed them out the door I paused in the doorway as a huge shirtless bald punker guy with a mustache ran up to Kyle. He said, "Go ahead! HIT ME!" Kyle brought the staff square down on his forehead and I swear I saw it explode into wooden splinters. I think that was a result of the drugs. The guy went down but was quickly replaced with more crazy punks.

I looked out from the doorway across the back yard. There was a huge tangled group of at least 20 or 30 people fighting back and forth across the yard with everyone else running and screaming trying to flee without getting caught up in it. This was hard since the meth headed punks were blocking the driveway, which was the only way out. I talked with my friend Dave recently about this and he recalled the scene saying "It looked like something out of 'Gangs of New York' or 'The Outsiders'".

I could make out two distinctive opposing groups crashing together like waves in a pool and then retreating back to either side of the yard, back and forth. I looked over to my right on the stage and saw some people gleefully kicking over the PA cabinets and smashing what ever gear was up there. One guy was playing the drums and then decided to kick them over. The scene was so out of control. I began to realize that maybe there were more of the Detroit folks there then I had first thought. I also noticed that they seemed to be on speed or crack or something. These guys and girls were fighting like they didn't feel any pain. Later Chris would tell me that he hit one guy in the back with his nun-chucks several times only to have the guy turn around and say that he was going to kill him. After watching the brawl that was going on outside and considering the condition I was in, I decided that I wouldn't be much help in trading blows with some speed freak motherfuckers. Call me chicken I don't care. You didn't see that shit, and you weren't on lots of acid.

About 5 minutes went by and the small group of us in the living room could still hear the fighting going on outside. Colleen called the cops again. A couple of girls came in carrying the guy that Kyle smashed with the stick. They carried his bloody unconscious body upstairs. Less than a minute later we heard a bunch of yelling up there and suddenly the guy came screaming down the staircase smashing huge holes into the plaster walls. When he landed at the bottom he let out a hulk like roar. Now remember that German exchange student I told you about? The sound of the guy yelling woke him up in a fit and as he sat up the guy

turned and roared right in his face. It was classic. The Hulk guy then bounded out the door to rejoin his friends in the fight. Apparently hulk guy had woken up while upstairs and one of the girls sprayed him in the face with pepper spray.

The chaos continued for another 15/20 minutes or so, until finally the punks were driven out of the backyard and down the driveway toward the road. During their retreat they smashed out some car windows. Then they ran down to the golf course parking area. The punks were driving away at the same time the cops finally showed up in front of the house. Kyle came in battered and wounded. His left arm had been dislocated from the shoulder. Gabe had to be taken to the emergency room. His hand had been smashed by a guy with a broom stick. Most of the other folks escaped with minor burses and cuts. I walked out with Kyle to meet the cops who were walking up the driveway. They were total fucking assholes. Kyle tried to explain what had happened and that the culprits were driving away as he spoke. The pig didn't want to hear it. All he said was, "Get all these people and vehicles out of here in the next five minutes or we'll bring in the dogs and you'll all go to jail!" or some shit like that. He was such a fuckhead! Kyle just said fine, fuck you too, and we both went back into the house to calm down. The cops never did anything except supervise the crowd as they left. Afterward we stumbled around the battlefield and took stock of all the damage that had taken place. The PA and drums somehow survived mostly intact.

My memory of these events is clouded by a combination of the past 13 years and the amount of drugs I consumed on that night. I've talked to a lot of the people who were there and I'm still good friends with most of the main people who were involved. We all remember things in our own way, which is great because whenever we discuss it I get a different side of the story and I remember more from my own experience. I hope my side of the story helped to either remind you of that wild night or give you a little window into a time not so long ago when the summer was hot and crazy!

-Chris "Box" Taylor



Hey! We're still here!

Wow. Three years later and the world hasn't ended yet. Today is September 12, 2004 the day after the third anniversary of 9-11. I remember waking up three years ago around 10am, slowly creeping into the living-room. I was the only one home, Matt was somewhere in Kalamazoo. We were living in Battle Creek (about 20 minutes from Kalamazoo) right next door to Fort Custer, an Air Force base. We didn't have a phone so nobody was able to get hold of me about what was going on. I lit a cigarette, grabbed some soda and flopped on the couch for some much needed TV blank-out time. I couldn't believe what was on the screen. My first concern was contacting one of my best friends Karen, who lived in NYC and finding out where my uncle was, who was on a business trip in DC. I threw some clothes on and headed for my grandparents. I was too worried about them to be concerned with much more.

When I got to my grandparents, they said they had already heard from my uncle, who was trying to rent a car to get back to Michigan. I didn't reach Karen for another day. I knew she wasn't around the trade center area, but I still wanted to hear her voice. I finally got through to her. She had stayed at a friend's in Manhattan when she couldn't get back to Queens.

9-11 was a terrible day. BUT it wasn't the worst day. America has to stop treating itself as some kind of martyr. We (as a country) have done things just as awful, along with many other countries. Just look at the death count in Bosnia, the holocaust, Hiroshima, the U.S. sanctions in Iraq and all the numerous things the CIA have gotten away with. Our government trained Al-Qaeda. They supplied them with weapons and

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goods. Our government had a hand in killing those people on 9-11.

Don't take this the wrong way, I feel for the families who lost mothers, fathers, husbands, wives, and so on. I hope this never happens again to anyone, anywhere in this world. I'd take peace over conflict any day. I'm no expert on this issue, but I do know we, as American citizens, need to watch our backs. Our "elected" (I use this term very loosely) representatives have no problem killing us off for a few bucks and bragging rights on how big their war time dicks are. They feed off of the fear that they have helped construct. Fear of everything from terrorism (nothing new to the rest of the world), to anthrax, to snipers, to sharks. OK, that last one is a little absurd, but I'm just trying to make a point. Then you add in our so-called news services and you wonder why so many people are neurotic. One person can change the world, for better or worse. Bush has proved this.

Is that it? Sure.

Luv, Nate H.

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endnotes:

- Everyone should listen to Mission of Burma. You'll be a better person.
- I'm working on a zine about stenciling. Contact me if you want to contribute.
- If I could "make love" to a band, I'd do it with Death Wish Kids.
- Visit me at the Motor City Comic Con Oct. 16-17th in Novi, Mi.
- Guy & Rosey, thanks for conspiring against me to meet Barb.
- My comrade is wicked awesome.
- Spray-paint the world.



"We don't even know what time it is. And we can go over there to see what's there." -from the movie Three Wishes

We'd somehow all ended up in the same car. All four of us. That never happens, but this was the third time this trip. Abby had a knack for convincing drivers to pick up four hitchhikers instead of just two and we all got to stay together. Abby in front, Alex and CJ (the one from my book) and I were in the back. The driver was a lonely collage student who just dropped off her best friend and was headed back to Cincinnati by herself. She told us she'd never picked up a hitchhiker before. But now she'd just picked up four really dirty, smelly, scrappy kids from Michigan. Humans never cease to amaze me. To me, it seems pretty unsafe for a woman driving by herself to pick up a hitchhiker, but four, and their backpacks just seemed ridiculous. My faith in humanity goes up every time someone alone picks me and a friend up. My faith was souring. All of us kept getting picked up by the same car. It was easier than when I'd traveled with just one other person. I couldn't understand it.

We got to Cincinnati just after dark. The student dropped us off at a gas station pointing down the road, "I think the train yard is that way." We thanked her for the ride to Cincinnati. Then thanked her again for going out of her way to drop us off so near the train yard. We started walking towards the direction she pointed. Passing three kids who gave us the look over. The train yard was only a few blocks away. The street we were on went on a bridge over the train yard. We tried to turn off the street we were on and head into the yard only to realize we'd have to walk threw the front gate and most likely get caught. So we decided to walk over the bridge and come in from the back of the yard.

When we'd reached the end of the bridge we took a look over the side to get a birds-eye view and hopefully find a way in. Figures that there was a stupid river running between the streets on this side of the bridge and the train yard. It's not a big river, ten maybe fifteen feet across, too far to jump. But being a few hundred miles from home with no plans on going

back any time soon, getting completely wet seems like such a bad idea. Should we cross back over and try to sneak in the front, try to find a way over the river, maybe a way to climb down from the bridge right in to the yard? We're arguing when I see the three kids from the gas station coming up from behind us. I'm hoping they don't mess with us.

"What you doing?" one asks.

"Uh," what do you tell three kids when they catch you train hopping? "We're trying to get down there so we can get on a train."

"What? You crazy. Yer parents must be worried. Y'all should go home."

"Uh, we live in Michigan, we rode trains to get here."

"Damn! You rode trains all the way from Michigan"

"And a little bit of walking, and hitchhiking."

"You crazy." They tell us again. "Y'all got money, how do you eat?"

"We have a little money. And some food in our bags, but mostly we just dumpster what we eat."

"Huh?"

"Get food from a stores trash"

"Aww, that's nasty!"

"No man, they throw away good food that they can't sell anymore, sometimes they put it in boxes. I found like nine still warm pizzas in the trash once."

"And you ate it?"

"Yeah, and it was good, too."

"I don't know about all that." It gets quiet as we stand back, each group contemplating each other. Then one of the kids speaks up. "We know how to get in there, c'mon we'll show you." So they lead us in to their neighborhood. Two of the kids are black the other is white. They're twelve, twelve and thirteen years old. I don't remember their names. They rattle away in a constant stream of questions and stories. I'm laughing to myself cuz they look like every twelve/thirteen year old I know. Betrayed by their bodies which have grown a foot in the last year, all in leg and arms. Huge awkward feet and hands, tripping over them selves, and laughing at their own questions.

"Do you n' her," He points to Abby. "bump and grind?"

"What? Do we... oh, um...no we're friends"

"What 'bout them?" pointing at CJ and Alex

"No we're all just friends." They tell about the fort they built and how it's near the train yard. Some construction workers helped them. It's three stores tall and has electricity. Cool fort. They tell us we can sleep there if we want.

Our entire day might have just been changed into a Disney story about the forties. You know, the happy tramps meet the neighborhood children, sleep in their fort and fall in love with the town. They quit tramping and become happy members of the community, "The End." But Disney doesn't make movies about theses kids.

"When I first moved here," the white kid tells me. "I used to get messed with at school. So I brought my .22 to school. After that the kids stopped messing with me."

"See that street" one points. "Don't go up there, ever, it's really dangerous. White guy drove up there by accident a little while ago. They tipped over his car and shot him."

I've walked into ghettos before. You just act like your not an idiot and you're fine. Nothing's ever happened to me. But I also never heard gunshot from the train yard like I did in Cincinnati. And no ones ever talked to me like these kids were either. People sitting on there porch watched the seven of us walk by. They probably don't see that too often. Latter Abby said that she thinks those kids gave us safe passage. I don't know, nothings ever happened to me, but I did notice the amount of eyeballs we were getting from the neighborhood seemed lessened because we had guides.

The kids showed us their fort and a small one-car bridge over the river, which turned out to be a drainage ditch, but a wide, deep ditch all the same. They pointed the way, asked us again if we wouldn't consider calling our parents and going home. They said they'd be worried about us and that they'd pray for us.

"Y'all got a gun?"

"No."

"Y'all want one? I can go home and get one for you."

We told them to keep their guns and said good bye. They were worried we'd get ourselves killed. Which is funny cuz we knew their

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situation was way worse than ours could ever be. And ours was temporary and intentional.

Inside the train yard it looked completely empty. We decided to walk all the way back to the bridge where we met the kids cuz when we crossed over it sure looked busy.

Later when we finally found some trains that were moving we hid under the bridge to figure out what's next. We ate a bit and checked our maps. I found another spoon on the ground, this was my second spoon this trip, so I decided to start a collection. By the time I got to New Mexico I had five, but I'm getting ahead of myself. From Cincinnati we were trying to catch a train to St. Louis or at least Indianapolis, which was on the way, or even better, Kansas City, which was passed St. Louis. The problem was St. Louis was west and the tracks in this yard ran north/south. The map said trains go to St. Louis from Cincinnati so it must turn west, but does it turn west, north of the yard or south? We decided since there wasn't any yard workers to ask that we'd get on one heading south. At least that way we wouldn't end up back where we started.

Hours later we finally started climbing over trains to get to other trains so see if they were going to move. We started hearing gun shots a ways off but not too far, in the direction we'd just come from, from those kid's neighborhood. And to make things even more scary the spaces between sets of tracks was really small. Walking between them we could almost touch both trains with our shoulders, and with or back packs on it became hard to turn around. Trains are funny, with a car or any other motorized thing you can tell when it's on and might move because it makes noise. The engine of a train can be half a mile away sometimes you can't hear a thing. You can be next to or on a train you think is dead (off) and it will jump suddenly ten feet forwards or backwards or start moving so slow you can't tell until it touches you. On the other hand a sitting train's brake line can be making all sorts of noise, you'll sit on it for six hours before realizing that there's no Unit (engine).

Eventually we got on a moving grainer (car that carries grain, it has two porches one on either end that you can ride on). CJ and I were on the front porch Alex and Abby on the back and were just pulling out of the yard three hours after we'd gotten there. Then the train stops. And starts going backwards. I'm not too worried, this has happened before when they needed to hump (put) more cars on the train. It's annoying and jolting but it never takes more than a few hours and then the train goes. But this time we start going backwards up a steep hill. I don't want to move cuz there are lights and people everywhere, but now I'm starting to get worried. I've never even seen a train go up a steep hill. The hill levels off and I breath a sigh of relief, until I see a yard worker reach in between our car and the one in front of us and pull a lever. I stare in disbelief as our car starts rolling still backwards, down the other side of the hill and disengages from the car in front of us. We're now free rolling backwards into a train yard going forty with no way to stop and hundreds of train cars to crash into.

What they were doing was separating the cars. They push the whole train over the hill and release each car from the train and send down the hill, then depending on the type of car they switch it to a different line (set of tracks). So all the box cars go one way all the gainers go another the container cars go that way and on and on. The problem for us is that the hill is steep and the cars go fast. When a fast car hits another one (or more than one) that aren't moving it's kinda like hitting a really thick wall. I've seen the wheels lift off the ground when one car hit another too hard. I've seen completely rusted boxcar doors slam closed. You don't want to be on a car that hit another at that speed. And we were rolling fast through a yard, backwards, and I could hear and see trains colliding all around us. I told CJ to hold on to something, and braced myself. A few minutes later the car had slowed down enough for us to jump off. They sent us on a line that no other car had been put on yet. Lucky us. It was also lucky that we'd all been on the same car, if we hadn't we be scattered all over the yard. And now, from where we were standing, we could see how big the yard was. There was about forty or fifty lines in this yard and we were standing right in the middle. To our left, twenty train tracks, to our right, twenty more. All over the place were moving cars that had just been pushed over the hill and eerily weren't making any noise as they rolled by fast enough to kill you.

First we carefully got off the tracks. And walked over by the "river" to calm down and collect ourselves. Then we got back on another train. This time it didn't stop outside the yard, it kept going and curved!

"St. Louis here we come." The train tracks rose above the ground about a hundred feet and continued on which I'd never been on before. We could look down at the back of old factories, see the fifty-year-old crumbling ads and abandoned cars. Cincinnati is mostly in a valley. This part was in the hills. There were also almost no lights where we were. We could look out at the city spread out before us - streetlights below and the stars above. It was amazing, and then we went over the river. Not a little river like we have in Michigan. This river was huge. And we could look off the side of the train down, down, down at the water. And the highway bridge ran right next to the train bridge. So close we could have jumped on to the highway from the train. We sat there watching folks dive along side us totally unaware that we existed.

We crossed the river, the highway went one way and we went another. It was dark, not much we could do but sleep. We stayed awake a little on pure adrenaline, talking and looking, but then fell asleep.

In the morning we looked at the passing towns trying to figure out how close to St. Louis we were. "What's that license plate say?"

"Kentucky! Oh no!"

"Oops."

..

-I was going to do some rumor control and write about what this zine and the house it's run out of are all about, cuz I've heard some stupid shit. But I ran out of time and I wanted to do that one well. It's really amazing how little time I have now that I quit my job. Next time I promise. Just remember, don't believe anything that you don't know about, and don't go telling other people information if you haven't checked if it's real.

-STENCIL SHOW!!! 8:00 pm OCT. 23rd at the Above Ground Hair Salon. Corner of Liberty and State, above the ice cream place. The door is on State. I'm gonna have some stencils there and so will a bunch of kids. There's no cover and no age limit.

-The NOTHING, which is the best band to come out of ann arbor since Morsel, is playing their last show/record release party at the end of the month or beginning of the next. Look for fliers.

-Hey folks! This zine is going broke and down hill. We need to start making money or this won't last. Anyone know someone who wants to donate money, or buy an ad, or buy some bulk copies and back issues and sell them, or help us get better distro? Cause if you do, we could use them badly. Give us a call, thanks.

-Nov 2nd. Versificators, parking garage tour, be there.

-contact me at reddjosh@ hotmail

-does anyone read this?



MARAL is Michigan's largest Pro Choice organization. September 9th, 2004 local bands volunteered their talents to raise money for the organization and educate folks about Pro-Choice issues at The Blind Pig here in Ann Arbor. Volunteers were ready to register patrons to vote while kindly handing out free buttons and condoms. I was proud to be part of this benefit show as a bass player in one of the bands and I am grateful to the other bands that came out to support reproductive freedom.

First off, I want to recognize the dedication of the organizers. Big love goes out to Summer Furgason and Kima for their hard work. I've wanted to do something like this for years, but I'm a total flake and I have ZERO organizational skills. Kima designed the flyer and they put it up over and over again, regardless of the right wingers tearing them down across Ann Arbor. Heather Mooney and Summer put it together for MARAL with help from Jamie Millitelo and other volunteers eager to see the night turn into a GREAT success! Nice job ladies! It was a HUGE success!

I was impressed with all the men that showed up for the cause.

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Yes, reproductive laws affect you guys too. This issue is not just about abortion. We must defend the right to Health Education and medical treatment in our community. Although the majority of patrons at Planned Parenthood are women, men are using the facilities more and more.

I was in the front of The Blind Pig up until we played, helping to register folks to vote and I was SHOCKED to find some people walking through the door, refusing to sign in as a participant of the benefit. "I'm not Pro-Choice and I don't vote!" Well, good. Fuck you, too, and please DON'T VOTE. I was happy to see the money go to a great cause regardless of some of the brainwashed assholes who shelled it out. Thankfully, 99% of the audience was there to rally support for an organization they were passionate about. It was a memorable evening!

To kick off the event, Lingua Franca traveled from Flint to show their support. The all male trio was greeted by the faithful early birds. Other acts to support MARAL were The Elevations, The Avatars and The Rants (and HOLY SHIT The Rants were amazing!). The headliner was Broadzilla-- kick ass ladies who are thankfully politically involved. The event raised about \$1000 for Planned Parenthood and many people signed up as new members for the organization.

I went to The March for Women's Lives in D.C. and I'm in The Avatars, so I was thrilled to be part of the benefit. But even now I have a lot of friends give me shit about my involvement with Pro Choice rallies/benefits. "What are you trying to protect? Abortion is legal. Relax already!" So I'm gonna to go off here, I don't want to insult anyone's intelligence, but WE ARE THE MAJORITY and we do have a fight on our hands. Especially if that Fascist War Pig rigs another election.

Although we are supposedly a country that separates Church from State, the Religious Right wants to dictate our reproductive rights as women, and if you think this begins and ends with abortion, then you're

w o n g
"The Conscious Clause" has lead to a severe attack on emergency contraception and even the standard birth control pill. This clause, passed by Congress, protects a pharmacist's right to DENY women of the Birth Control Pill, if the pharmacist is morally against abortion. Don't forget, millions of Americans believe that life begins at conception and that the birth control pill 'kills' potential babies. Some of those Americans are pharmacists who control the distribution of contraception. For millions of women who live in rural parts of America and have access to only ONE pharmacy, this is a threatening reality. Rape victims are walking into pharmacies where they are scoffed at and denied the right to control a possible pregnancy. Women suffering from cervical cancer who depend on the birth control pill to regulate their menstrual cycles are being turned away. Please research this clause if you are a woman and find out which local pharmacies abide by this clause. Luckily, we live in a part of the country where we can have choices in which pharmacy to get medication, but millions of American woman are affected by this clause on a daily basis.

Planned Parenthood is losing more and more funding as days go by. With 40+ million people who do not have health care, small medical offices such as Planned Parenthood are the only options for millions of women who need basic exams that they can afford.

I have a congenital heart condition that I was born with. I had my first open heart surgery at the age of 3, and have had numerous surgeries since. Due to this condition, I have been dropped by insurance companies over and over again throughout my life due to a "Pre Existing Clause." Now this is completely legal. Currently, I am in financial ruin due to an emergency open-heart surgery that I had from heart attacks that should have been prevented, had I the insurance needed to see a cardiologist. I am one of millions of women who are completely dependent on the medical staff of Planned Parenthood. Other than providing the community with health education, abortion options and contraception, they also provide crucial medical exams and procedures.

Many states are considering preposterous anti-abortion tactics that reflect the conservative administration controlling our country right now. A bill was introduced to the Oklahoma Legislature that would require a woman considering an abortion to obtain a death warrant. This would essentially prohibit a physician from performing the abortion. Some states have considered bills that would require a woman to obtain permission from a judge before getting an abortion. The bills are generally vetoed, but every month such bills are introduced to Congress. Along with "The Conscious Clause," these actions contribute to the notion that life begins at conception.

I could go on and on. If you are intelligent enough to pick up 'Bad Ideas' then chances are you are a progressive individual, registered to vote and ready to empower your views this November. See you next issue.

BROKE

I'm thinking about terrorism. I'm thinking about how anarchist protesting is written off so easily by the media. I'm thinking about what I heard on NPR on my way home from work. Apparently, a radio journalist had been seeking a real anarchist to interview. Many people pointed him towards people whom they thought might be anarchists, and the reasons why they thought this might be the case. They sorted through the masses and speculated that people wearing black might be anarchists. They wear a lot of black. They gestured to a man playing what they referred to as a bongo drum, saying that anarchists like music, therefore he might be one. How silly. Yes, you can always spot an anarchist because those folks like music. Yessir, music-loving is a symptom of festering anarchistic tendencies. The one individual they found to interview made some less-than-admirable statements about "freedom, man." They journalist proceeded to ridicule the whole notion of refusal to work for 'the man.' I am thinking now about how he referred to violent protesters such as the Seattle protests of our recent past. He was also beginning to draw links between that series of events, and the protesters swarming towards the Republican national convention.

I am thinking again about terrorism. I am thinking about the Boston Tea Party. I am thinking about how our media and political officials refer to Iraqi citizens who oppose the occupation. I am thinking about how parallel I see this war to the American War For Independence.

When people had settled on the continent I am living on presently, there were other people here who at first welcomed the newcomers. The Europeans soon began to overwhelm the land, much the way they had in Europe. They soon shoved the Native peoples across the land and nearly committed genocide in the process. The natives fought back for their own homeland, but as an un-united minority, they were ultimately overtaken. All the while, Britain was sending more and more people, and trying their very best to maintain English law in the settlements. The settlers resented their oppression and fought back with every ounce of their power. They wanted nothing more than to be their own sovereign nation (ironically, given their treatment of the Natives, but I digress), and they burned ship in the harbor, killed redcoats, and committed acts that might now be labeled terrorism. Today, we have elevated their actions to a status of unparalleled heroism. At that time, England maintained that the settlers were fallig into lawless, unruly chaos, and acted as though they were necessary for maintaining order. It kept them wealthy.

Fast forward to the present, when we are at war with Iraq. Our leaders are calling them terrorists when the local people try to rise up. They had made comments that echo Great Britain, about how 'it appears that the terrorists are camouflaging themselves as citizens, going out to commit their acts of terror, only to melt back into the civilian masses.' Hmm. This appears to me that -DUH (pardon the juvenile expression, but this is really a very obvious realization)- the Iraqi people themselves are the ones who want us out. They have organized to try to get us to leave. Before the war, they wanted our cultural influences out, as they feel it is corrupting their youth (a concept I can empathize with) and destroying their way of living slowly. Now, as we 'rebuild' Iraq, our TV stations and big business executives are buying rights to their airwaves, as well as laying the groundwork for setting up to conduct other business there as well. It's much like the carpet-baggers at the end of the Civil War, and the people buying up land in Metro Detroit. They are taking advantage of the low prices due to mass devastation in and area sure to regrow and thrive in the near future. Our government continues to extend our stay there, despite the mounting casualties and growing resentment of the people in

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Iraq. I am thinking now that what they call terrorism is more closely related to what I call a fight for freedom. Our way is NOT the only way. They only want to be their own sovereign nation. The longer we impose upon them, the greater the hatred. The more our government and media move to assimilate them, the more 'terror' we are likely to experience. It is a part of our constitution to overthrow the government by any means necessary if it is the will of the people. When people are moved to violence, it is most commonly a last resort, and where it is so prevalent, it should be taken as a BOLD message to leave sleeping dogs lie.

No, I do not agree with the role that women play in much of that country, nor do I agree with their treatment. However, this is still a widespread problem in the U.S. as well, and one which will not be fixed by a violent, foreign government's intervention. It is changed through education and time. No, Saddam should not have been allowed to reign, however, there is such a thing as a Secret Service. An organization designed and trained for missions requiring such stealth. Another thing that could have been done was government encouragement towards the Iraqi people to organize their own uprising as the U.S. has done with other nations in the past.

My hope is that our leaders can make the realization that the preventative measure is often the provocative measure in many matters, and most devastatingly in matters of national security. It works the same way here. The more the government cracks down on its people in an attempt to sanitize it, the more they infringe upon our freedoms. The more they infringe upon our freedoms, the more the people become restless. The tighter the collar, the more vigorous the struggle to get it off. We need to leave Iraq. Our leaders need to be made aware of this. They need to know what we are thinking for them to do as we would have them. Contact your state representative. VOTE. If you don't use your rights, you lose your rights. People die fighting for that right, to make their government work for them. Don't waste it thinking that nothing you do matters. One is a powerful number. "Be the change you wish to see in the world." Your actions influence your peers. Vote and they will follow. They vote, and others will follow. A wave of electing power pushes its way into the electoral tide. V-O-T-E!

Also, to add to my previous article, when you are in a position where you simply cannot reach the human in the uniform, you can always ask for their badge number/officer identification number. They must, by law, provide you with this information. If they refuse, pay attention to their appearance, license plate number, and manners of speech so that you may file a complaint after the incident has passed. Good cops don't want bad cops making their job harder, so someone will appreciate your information.

That is my Bad Idea for this issue.

[Editor's Note: Brooke wrote two columns this month. I've been agonizing on just how the fuck I make this work. They're both pertinent to the time yet not to each other. OCD make my life rough. After a ton of twitching, that I couldn't go through without telling you all about it, I've settled on the simple solution of just putting one after the other. So, here's the other one, it was entitled "Leaving the Nothing". Thanks for you're time, sorry for the interruption.]

Leaving the Nothing

I don't really know where to begin. I don't even know how to answer this. Why did I leave The Nothing? I have answered this to the best of my ability, but I know I cannot begin to correct all of the misinterpretations and misconceptions that have arisen, despite my efforts. I just did an interview with Josh yesterday, and even as I was putting my seat belt on, I was already realizing how some of the things I even said to him could be misconstrued in a way I did not at all intend. I also feel that no matter how I explain myself, the answer is not going to satisfy everyone. When is it appropriate to leave a band? When is it appropriate to end a relationship? When is it appropriate to leave one's job? It's simpler to answer the latter two of these questions. No one wants to continue a job they are not satisfied with. It could be due to the people, the labor load, the money, or a random list of other things, like proximity from one's residence. Employers shall continue to need the work completed, and don't like people to leave. Does anyone have to ask permission to leave their job? When what seemed like small, forgivable differences in the beginning of a relationship become overwhelming, or when someone falls out of love, or needs more solitude, or meets someone else, or moves, or becomes bored, one partner ends the relationship. The other (usually)

still wants to continue. The love is still there in their heart. Should the person leaving ask permission to do so?

A band is more complex, still. It is a part of three worlds. There is a deep relationship among the members. It is a lot of work. It is also a creative collaboration born out of passion and inspiration. When is it okay to stop participating? Music isn't like a painting or a sculpture. When either of those is complete, the project is over. Parties can collaborate again if they so choose, but there is no obligation. With music, when is there a point when one can stop? After this one song is done? While that one is being written, another is beginning. After this album? But what is the timeframe? After this one show? But someone wants you to do *just one more*. What reason will justify the decision to leave in the eyes of everyone it will affect? How does one break the news to everyone in the right way? A letter? In person? On the phone? Silent abandonment? A group talk? I gave this months of consideration. Should I have asked the Ann Arbor music scene for permission to leave the band? The way everyone is acting towards me, I feel as though everyone thinks I should have. I also feel as though it is never okay to leave one's band, in the eyes of the public. Please remember that this is my perspective. It isn't likely (I hope) that everyone thinks this, but it certainly seems that people are acting very rudely towards me, and it appears to be because it isn't okay that I wanted out.



You see, there's this thing that happens. I'll explain. People move and I ask them "Why?" Now, what I'm looking for in a "good" answer is something to the effect of "Oh, I'm gonna go to school out there. Yeah they got this really good program yada, yada, yada..." or possibly "I got this awesome job doin' this thing that only I can do or whatnot and so forth" or even "Well, that's where I'm from and my family is out there..." That sorta thing. But, more often than not, I get this little number: "I'm movin' to (insert fancy town you've heard of here) cuz they got this awesome scene out there where they do this thing and that thing and I really wanna be a part of that." They always have some example of some sorta awesome happening that goes on in this town that makes it so appealing.

This one guy moved to Boston cuz they got this message board where all the kids can get together and everybody knows what's happening in respects to shows and protests and such. He said it was a really cool scene and everybody is really active and junk. I thought to myself "Why the fuck don't you just do that here?"

This one girl said she was movin' out to fuckin' Seattle or Olympia or something, cuz they put on Generator Shows all the time and everybody comes out to see them and it's all fun and junk. Once again, I found myself thinking "Why can't you just fuckin' do that here?"

This one guy moved away cuz all the local businesses were being replaced by national chains and franchises and it just "Wasn't the same". This time I found myself thinking "Well, now you can move to a different city where the same thing is happening, but you just won't know the difference, having never known what it used to be like."

The common thread among these people is the idea that "Nothing is going on around here" or "Nobody's doing anything around here". I feel like saying "Sorry you're not being entertained. Maybe they can help you over there. Now beat it! Who needs ya, anyway?!" I know it's shitty to be like that, but for fuck's sake, make it happen! I guarantee you're gonna bitch in that town, sooner or later, cuz the grass is always greener on the other side.

I feel like I really gotta give major props to Josh Redd. That kid is so damn motivated! I'll have what he's having. I swear that I couldn't count the times that I've sat around with that kid and just started talkin' shit about doin' this awesome thing or makin' that awesome thing

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happen. It always starts out with "Yeah, we should totally do this..." And when it's said, it's all bullshit, but Josh just seems to think of the possibilities and sooner or later, it gets fleshed out into something you're gonna do tomorrow.

Take for example, the time we went out to Kalamazoo to throw Jell-O at the Dead Kennedys. Josh and I were just sittin' at the Fleetwood, gripin' about what a bunch of horseshit it was that Dead Kennedys were comin' around replacing Jello Biafra with some scab singer, the kid from television's "The Courtship of Eddie's Father" co-starring the late Bill Bixby. Through the course of the conversation, we were kinda completing each other's thoughts, like I said something to the effect of "I just wanna go there and throw beer bottles at them or something." And Josh was all "Yeah, but it's not like I wanna hurt 'em or anything, maybe just something messy." And I was all "Yeah, just to get my 2 cents in, to disrupt the whole thing, like a monkey wrench in the works." And then Josh was all "Like throwing Jell-O at them or something." It took a second to realize what was just said. Then we both just looked at each other, all wide-eyed as the pun hit us at the same time. It was fucking perfect!

The show was a week away, so I left the Fleetwood all psyched and went to the store and bought a couple packages of Jell-O. The plan seemed simple: you go to the show and throw Jell-O at the fuckers. As the day grew closer, I began to feel bogged down with the details:

- * The show in Detroit would cost \$30.
- * How the fuck were we gonna get Jell-O into a club?
- * Some Detroit bouncer's gonna kick our asses.
- * Jell-O's gotta be refrigerated for awhile and shit.
- * I'm **FUCKIN' LAZY!**

It just started to seem like a lotta bullshit to go through. Did I mention that I was fuckin' lazy? We came up with the plan that we'd go to the K-zoo show at Club Soda. It was only \$15 and Club Soda fuckin' sucks anyway. Otterpop, our bass player from Axis of Evil, was gonna come with us and video tape the whole thing, for posterity. I talked to Josh the day before and I was all "I dunno, it sounds funny and all, but it seems like a big hassle and I'm all lazy and crap and I'd have to make Jell-O tonight and all that garbage." And he was basically all "No, we got to. Just go home and make the Jell-O, then go to bed. It'll be awesome." And I was all "Fine, fuck you." And I went home and made the Jell-O.

I woke up the next day and bitched about getting up and moving around. We piled into the van and took off for K-zoo *really fuckin' early*, like 3pm or something. I work in a bar, so that's 8am for straight people. To make a long story short, Josh's ability to take the big picture and break into small conquerable pieces made it easy. It really was easy, anybody could see that, but that was just my mind-set at the time. Trying to remember the way I was back then is pretty funny; all lazy and shit.

Now, all I gotta say is that doing that was one of the best things I've ever done. That's the thing I think about that motivates me to do things when I think that I have a good idea that sounds like a hassle to get together.

Punk Week was 2 months later and now nothing seems impossible. Since then, I try to get involved and help everybody that I can, pull off outlandish shit, and I feel better about myself every time it all comes together. Like this fuckin' magazine, it sounded like a pipe-dream when I first heard about it. Now this is the fourth issue and it's still going. Most of the time it's by the skin of our teeth, but it happens.

After 3 Punk Weeks, 3 issues of Bad Ideas and 3 non-Punk Week affiliated generator shows, that I've been involved with (not to mention all the stuff that everyone else has been pulling off), I can't imagine not being motivated enough to do shit, that I'd go move in search of some better scene. We now have three houses (that I know of) that have regular shows - Totally Awesome house, Bad Idea house and Rad Art house. It's like 1996 all over again. And people wanna leave so someone else can build their scene for them. Buncha lazy, fuckin' deserters!

Get involved! Don't rest on the fact that you've come up with a good idea, make it happen. Punk Week is supposed to be a lesson that it's so fuckin' easy to do shit and that there are so many people that are willing to help. I got a van, a PA, some bolt-cutters and a video camera. How can I help you? Josh has a house, a generator and some microphones. Give him a call. We all got gumption, you want some? Don't sit around and bitch about what you don't like, get up and make whatever

you want to happen happen.

I really feel that unless you are gonna get up off your ass and do something better than whatever it is you're gripin' about then you just look like an asshole. And furthermore, until you lift one fucking finger to do something better, after you've already bitched, you *are* an asshole.



The following is an account of a night I worked this job in Ann Arbor. It combines present tense writing with past tense. Or vice versa. (arrogant laughter) Ha ha!

I acquired said job roughly one month before moving out here to Seattle, where I've been for about two weeks, as of yesterday, which was the... 3rd. Or maybe not the 3rd, but definitely it was Friday. That was the two-week marker. I miss Ann Arbor about this much (one centimeter). The coolest thing about the city, as far as I'm concerned, is the Bad Idea. It's the closest thing to a scene in a town with a dwindling rock scene and indie status. The punks are holding the place together.

Thanks for reading.

P.S. My email is at the bottom of this column. I welcome comments, if you think I'm important enough to comment on.

Hot Dog Chronicles, Part 1: Character Actors

Cop 1 pulls up to Stollhaus Used Furniture, where I was directly across the street. Aesthetically considering the place as a whole, the "Bush/Cheney '04" flyer in the store window is most striking to me. A section of the sidewalk is a driveway to Stollhaus' parking lot, so half the police car is in the parking lot, just enough to get it off the street. Cop 1 must not have seen the stream of walking people he was inhibiting with his fat ass sedan. He gets out of his car and walks to the door, slow, shoulders stiff, stare watchful. Knocking with the knuckle of his right index finger, keeping the rest of his hand clenched into a loose sort of fist, he turns away and looks skyward. Moments later, Drunkard appears out of the opening doorway. His speech is loud, slurred, and angry, as per usual. The fishing slogan-adorned baseball cap, mustache, yuppie shorts, shoes and t-shirt, and unapologetic, vulgar alcoholism, all seemed to be bricks to a certain façade. Piece it together and the result are many, but not all, "Bush/Cheney" supporters. More specifically, these bricks are the backbone of Ann Arbor's liberal reputation.

The two men are engaged in a semi-heated argument about where people or their cars may be in order for Drunkard to come out of his shop and command, "Get off my property!" Neither of the two lose their heads, but the cop has a rough time keeping up with this confrontational guy. I hear Cop 1 nicely ask, "Is the sidewalk your property?" two times, before Drunkard admitted that it isn't. At one point Drunkard notices me looking over, and I smile and wave just to piss him off. It works perfectly, of course.

Distracted, he points to me and relays to Cop 1 that I went over to his parking lot to take a piss last week. He had shoed me away, after I had my dick out and was in position and everything. "What did I do to incur this wrath?" I had queried, after being told I would have the cops called on me. Though I refuse to take any alcoholic republican seriously, he managed to prompt a response from me.

Somehow this guy manages to anger every person he confronts in his parking lot. Perhaps it is that he confronts *every* person in his parking lot. Old men on their porches being senile towards kids are excusable. Drunkard's methods are the same, but inexcusable. He shows mercy to no one, regardless of gender, skin color or age. Last week I saw a Venezuelan family, a man, woman, and baby, sitting in their car in Stollhaus' parking lot. Apparently, they were watching the passing train, showing it to their daughter. Naturally, Drunkard storms out with his spiel, and they drive away. Later, they were talking to me, buying what I

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had to offer, during which I commented on Drunkard's lack of manners. They told me he had alcohol on his breath. The man of the family eventually works himself up enough to cross the street and knock on Stollhaus' door. The idea was to give Drunkard a piece of his mind, and very possibly get rough with him, much to his wife's chagrin. They did not fight, of course, and the man came back across the street, unscathed, to rejoin his family. I thought it was all pretty dumb. Drunkard is legally airtight in terms of his having a right to do this, which is how he wins these fights. Apparently he has gone too far this week by yelling at people on the sidewalk.

Five or ten minutes into their conversation, it appears that now Drunkard wants to do the talking, but not about anything pressing. Cop 1 is trying to walk away without being rude. It was quite humorous, seeing the tables turned. Attempting to walk over to the driver's side door, Cop 1 only makes it to the back of the car before turning around to face this following windbag. Before long Cop 1 was in his car, but Drunkard was leaning into the driver's side window, still keeping up conversation. After about ten or twenty more minutes, Drunkard is now kneeling down next to the police car, like a disease. The scene was turning pathetic, what was once Cop 1's duty now turned polite social responsibility. He is unable to do his job because of this fucker who is semi aware of what he is doing. Then some customers show up, and we begin conversation. My back is turned when I notice flashing lights. Cop 1 finally has a chance to drive away. Duty calls.

As the evening progresses, sales pick up. My tip jar bulges. In fact, there was one guy who gave me a 25\$ tip, the best I've ever received doing this job. I saw him twice. The first time, he was with four other friends. All five were in their mid thirties and tipsy, desirous hunger overtaking them as they stopped to get a look at my wares. A couple of younger men were there before the five, also drunk as skunks. One of them was hitting on a young lady, who I remember was dressed like a hooch, but I can't remember if she was with him or just walking by. She walks away, and the two continue to say and do things they would not say and do if they were sober. It is not uncommon for me to see drunken guys shamelessly hitting on girls as they walk by. I say, if you've got nothing to do with the girl, leave her alone.

We make our transaction of money for food and the two go their merry way. The waiting five approach me. In the midst of our interaction, one or two of them start fucking with me by asking me stupid questions about the hot dogs. It was very fucking enjoyable. By the responses I gave, I am to assume one of the other three enjoyed them, cause he laughed with his chest out, and said, "I like this kid, he's a good kid." He seems like an all right guy who says asinine things. I only half hid my slight disgust for his having to point out my age as if it meant young people are inferior to those of his age and wisdom. Shrugging my shoulders, averting my eyes, smiling, and saying, "Ok," the effect of his encouragement quickly wares off. After all, he had shown me more respect than his friends by acknowledging my existence as a person, rather than as a guy who gets them food. And, he was sticking up for me.

One lucky cab was soon to pick these boys up, and off they ran, late. It was now very quiet on the corner of Liberty and First, with only a couple of people outside. A few pass by, perhaps heading for the Millennium Club, or the Blind Pig, or maybe just walking home. I look over to Stollhaus and see Drunkard talking with Cop 2, who had pulled into the parking lot and was hiding under the shadow of the store, out of anyone's direct line of sight, including traffic. He eluded me completely, which probably meant he was good. His car faced me, and was farther away than Cop 1's, in the back corner of the lot. Like before, Drunkard was kneeling next to the driver's side door, keeping up bullshit conversation with Cop 2. He did not much look like talking, but was unsure of how to deal with this Drunkard. He probably came just to keep an eye on Drunkard. I feel safe, having so much police presence around me. All I'm saying is that if I see a knife or a gun, I'm not dying for any hot dog vendors.

Watching the conversation between Cop 2 and Drunkard, I hear the sound of running behind me. It's Mr. Asinine, coming back to get five more hot dogs. At that moment, none were fully cooked, so he said he would wait for them. We start talking, and he does something very funny. I comment on the two kids who were buying hot dogs before him, fifteen minutes ago when he and his friends bought me out. We all saw that the two were drunk and disorderly, almost harassing that girl. Mr. Asinine says something like, "I may have had to fuck them up,"

smiling a mock-bashful smile, very disgusting like. Anyone can see through a show-off. I play along, and say that he looks a bit stronger than them. He looked like a skinny guy who managed to bulk himself up. It is a shame that he laughs a disgusting little snort, with that smile that says, 'Come on, you know chicks dig me.' He pulls back his sleeve, flexes his bicep, and, with the snort, says, "Well." I tried very much not to laugh, or to give myself pause to think about this, so I just averted my eyes like before and flipped the dogs. He reproaches, "I wouldn't want to, but I would." Somewhere in our conversation, he later tells me that the meaning of life is to be kind to people.

Finally his hot dogs are done and he says something about wanting to tip me, and I ask, "Didn't you tip me before?"

"Yeah, I threw a five in there for ya." That surprises me. Pause, shuffling money. "And here's this." He lays a twenty in my hand. I am more surprised, and he runs off. The only reason I received this, my largest tip yet, is that this guy honestly operates under the idea that it is a kind gesture to give money to people he enjoys or respects, when it is, again, a way for him to show off, to exercise his monetary superiority over the poor. Displaying his bulk is a way for him to show his superiority over the skinny. His insecurity causes him to show the club world, and those surrounding it, his superiority in as many ways as possible. People like friends with cash, and those with cash can rule any place they go. Apparently it does not matter to him that the crowd he's showing all this to is half his age. Mr. Asinine essentially paid \$32.50 for five hot small hot dogs. He is a façade of a man, operating under false rules.

But he gave me some money, so I do not mind his fallacies as much as I would have you believe. Lights flash behind me as I watch Mr. Asinine run away to catch the cab he was late for twenty minutes ago. Cop 2 pulls out. Duty calls.

-Glenn Smith

constantremix@hotmail.com



So by now Punk Week is long over, and everything pretty much went off without a hitch. The shows and events that I was able to participate in were relatively well organized, entertaining, and some even downright inspiring. But there's still so much more we can do. So much more we NEED to do.

For those few readers not "Punk Rock" enough to know what Punk Week is, allow me to hippen you. Three years ago this summer, a bunch of people from our community put together a series of mostly free, mostly outdoor activities and concerts under the nominally restrictive banner of Punk Week. The first annual Punk Week featured some pretty decent generator shows with a few good touring bands and local acts, but was predominately attended by a bunch of elitist, dirtier-than-thou, out of town crust punks, who wouldn't even look you the eye if you didn't have dreadlocks and smell like you hadn't showered, changed your clothes or brushed your teeth in the last year. It's not that I didn't try to be friendly. On the day of the first generator show under the bridge I came upon a procession of about twenty or thirty of these kids who seemed to be on the way there. Since I was unsure of the exact location, I asked them where the show was and how to get there. The only response I received were aloof stares. That's only one example of the kind of attitude I observed that year, and I know I'm not the only one who saw this. This kinda soured the whole experience for me, and I came away generally disgusted.

The second one I don't remember too well. I don't think there were too many shows, but I seem to recall a preponderance of playground games and craft workshops. That's all fine and good, but none of it really piqued my interest. But maybe the last years experience had kind of turned me off to the whole thing. So that's probably why I wasn't around for most of it.

Columns

This year things seemed different. There weren't quite as many travelers as before, but that's okay because the few that were around were all pretty cool, or at least friendly. There were so many shows going on that there was no way I could go to them all. And the somewhat less artistic activities were limited to a few fun things like kickball and the decidedly low brow beer hunt (where I held the top score of an 18-pack! Eat it, ya bastards!) And this was the first time I'd gotten to see or participate in the travelling generator show, which nearly brought tears to my eyes.

The concept is this: a few bands play for a few minutes at a few locations around downtown Ann Arbor, with all the equipment and a generator being driven around in a pickup truck. The first few sets by the Teeth, Bantha Fodder, Hairy Drain Babies, and Kick Like Crazy were all great, but it was the last set that was truly remarkable. The band was clearly thrown together at the last minute, comprised of some members of the previous bands, and frankly sucked ass. I can't even remember the name of it. But that really didn't matter. What happened in that alley way was simply awesome. As they played, the doors on the backs of the buildings started opening, and soon workers at the businesses, curious passersby, people from all walks of life stood at rapt attention with looks of delight and wonder on their faces, because someone had decided to come along and play music, all for THEM! But this doesn't have to happen once a year.

What I propose is this: As weather permits (like starting next spring maybe), stage a free weekly outdoor shows, probably at one of our public parks. I've learned that it costs about \$80 to turn on the power and "rent" out the bandshell at West Park. We could cut out a significant portion of this cost by using a generator. Gallup Park could be another option, and it's farther away from residential neighbors who might complain about all the "noise".

Also, I've heard several accounts this year of people feeling discouraged from attending Punk Week events because of the name alone. They felt they weren't "Punk" enough to participate, whatever the fuck that means. It's really sad when a scene that's supposed to be about including all those who feel disenfranchised by mainstream society becomes just another elitist, exclusive social club. It really pisses me off, whether intentional or not. I know punk doesn't have to be a restrictive genre or whatever. It should be whatever the fuck you want it to be. But still, peoples perceptions are what they are, and it's largely a result of the kind of behavior exhibited by some the "participants" at the first punk week. Plus I think the name's just kinda goofy sounding, and not terribly creative. I suggest calling it the People's Week, because that's really what this should all be about.

But, I'm sure someone can come up with something better than that. So when you do, or if you have any questions, comments, ideas or suggestions about my proposals, feel free to call me any time on my Official Punk Rock Cellular Phone at (734) 355-0979. Later.



Gather round kids, for I, the old ass hermit from on top of the hill, have taken it upon myself to climb down and blather on ceaselessly about what shit was like "back in the day" - before I had a band, before I ever had a drug or a drink, before I was old, before I said "I was punk before you were born" (except back then it was a joke). Now in many cases it's true (except I keep that to myself). I was born when Elvis was still touring, Bruce Lee was still making movies, and Evel Knievel was still jumping motorcycles over shit. But one of the things I can remember most about being a kid was feeling rock and roll run roughshod through my system. I wanted to grow up and *be* rock and roll, somehow, someway. I wanted to wear a leather jacket like Fonzie, and be onstage like Leather Tuscadero.

I don't recall the first time I ever heard the word punk or saw a "punk rocker". There were several instances in my elementary school existence. One was watching a news program with a segment on punk. There were all these people with crazy hair and outfits at a party eating meat off of a rope, and they had a bowl of jello with a baby doll in the center of it. Some had wrap-around shades on. Which people would later refer to as "punk glasses". My parent's were apalled, but I thought it was pretty awesome. I wanted to eat meat off of rope. It seemed like a cool thing to do.

Around the same time, I was with my Grandma at the Ann Arbor art fair when I saw a guy in a leather jacket full of chains and studs, with a large colored mohawk. Memory is funny. I couldn't tell you whether it was red, green, blue, whatever. Or if he had round studs, pyramids, or spikes. All I clearly remember was thinking that he had figured out the coolest way that anyone could be. And as soon as I could figure out how to look like that and be like that, I was going to go head long into it without looking back. I looked at him as a wide-eyed (as wide as they could open) elementary schooler feeling like a prisoner of an outfit purchased at Sears.

A little while later, my best friend's Dad moved across the street from my Grandma's place. I had been relocated to Milan. Where I lived on a dirt road with three other houses and no other kids for miles. So on the weekends I would stay at my Grandma's in Ann Arbor. She lived in my old neighborhood where all my close friends and now my best friend would be on the weekends. My Grandma was one of the first people in Ann Arbor and probably in the country to have a new thing called cable t.v.

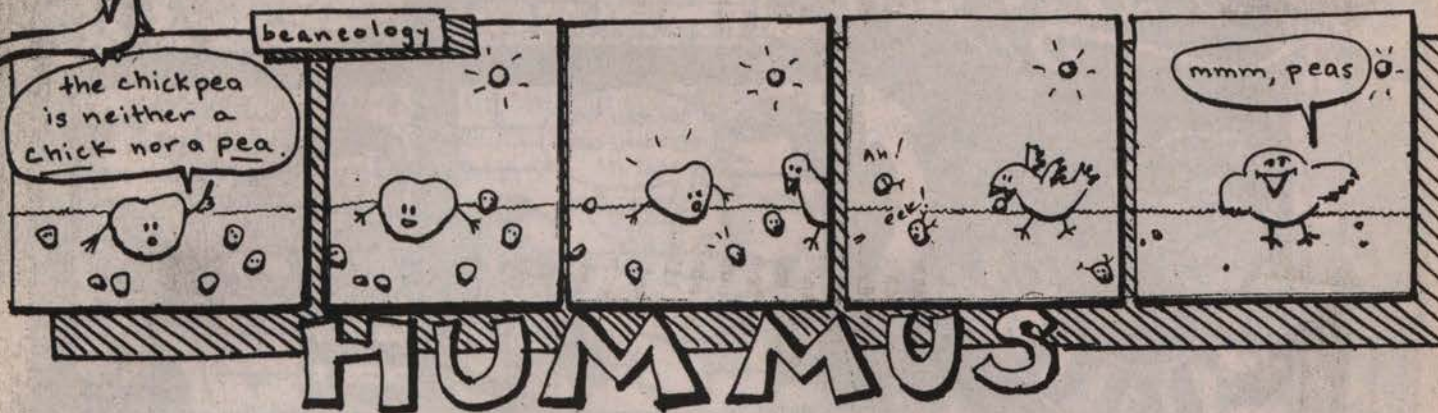
There was a movie channel that played the sort of movies that could get on cable in those days; a few mainstream films and a lot of weird B-movie filler. One day my friend and I watched a film called "Rock and Roll High School". Back then, the movie channel would play only one or two movies a day, and they would repeat it all day and all night long. So we watched this film starring one of the most awesome bands we had ever seen (it was hard to compete with Kiss back then) and it blew our fucking minds. At the end of the movie one of us, I think it was me but I'm not sure, said "that was soooooo cool. Wouldn't it be cool if the Ramones were a real band?"

End of Part 1

ALL PUNKS
MEET IN
ST. LOUIS
5 - 25 - 2006

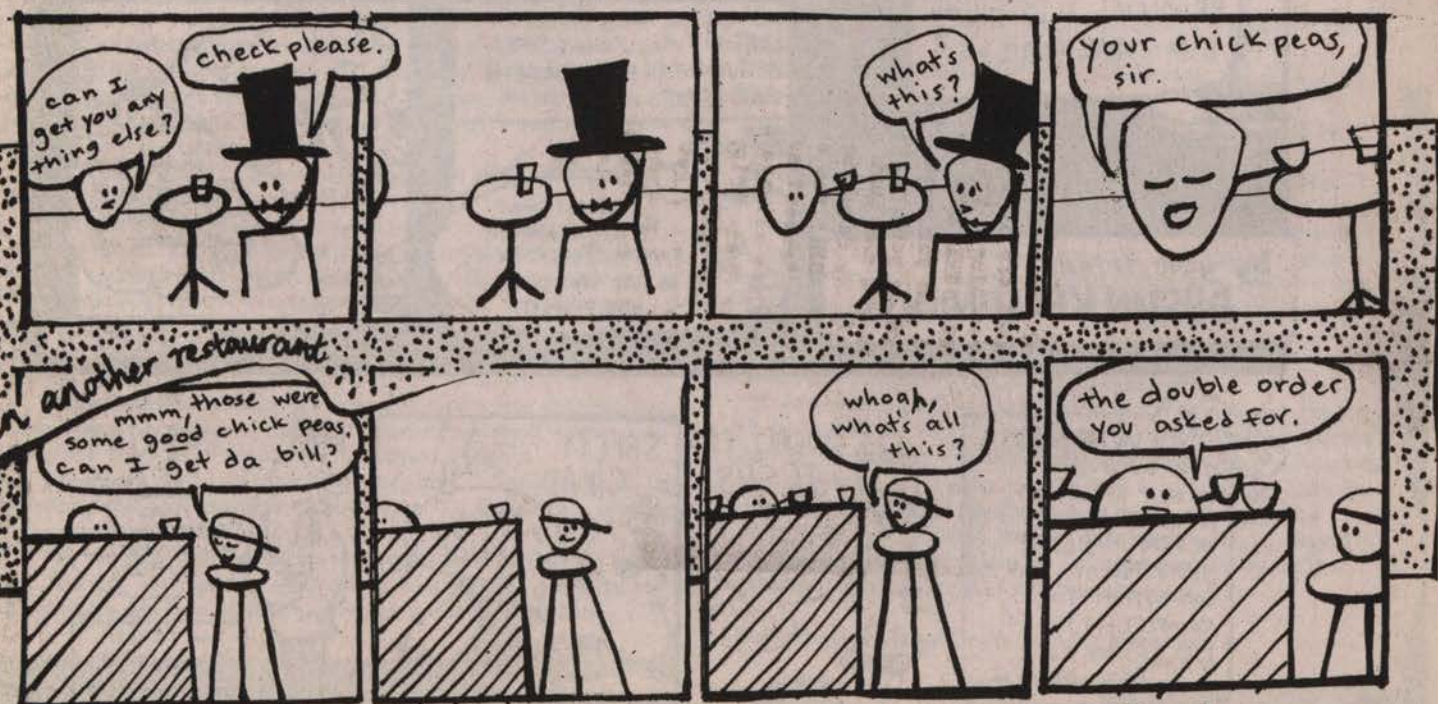
Pass it on;
in your zines,
in your records,
on your flyers,
in your tags.
P.S. We didn't start this.

MEANDERING SALAMANDER ONCE SAID,
 I BEAN ALL OVER, BUT
 HUMMUS WHERE THE HEART IS.



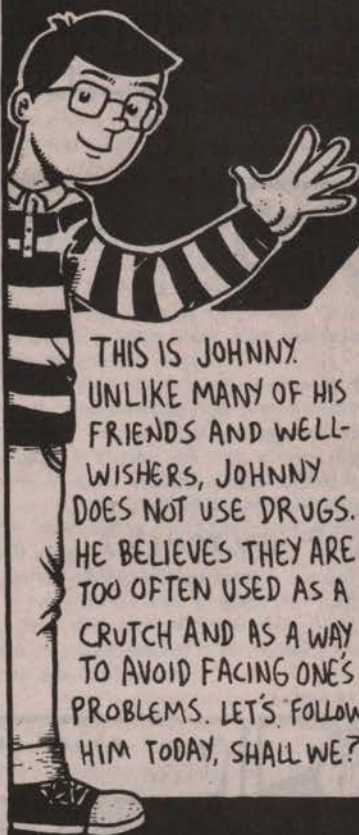
2 cans chick peas
 1 +Bs tahini
 4 chopped garlic
 5 +Bs lemon juice
 1 +Bs olive oil
 some cumin + salt

BLEND
 (or MASH if you must)



by Sasha

Johnny No-Drugs



THIS IS JOHNNY. UNLIKE MANY OF HIS FRIENDS AND WELL-WISHERS, JOHNNY DOES NOT USE DRUGS. HE BELIEVES THEY ARE TOO OFTEN USED AS A CRUTCH AND AS A WAY TO AVOID FACING ONE'S PROBLEMS. LET'S FOLLOW HIM TODAY, SHALL WE?

by your friend,
DUSTIN KRATOVICH, Esq.



~FINI~

BONUS HILARITY!!

WHO NEEDS A "STORY"? (A.K.A. BRILLIANT IDEAS THAT COULD NEVER MAKE THE JUMP FROM CONCEPTION TO COMPLETION)

by Dustin Kratovich, Esq. (02:30 201)



GOOD BYE THE NOTHING

Brooke and Adam talk about breaking up the band.

On the off chance that you haven't heard already, one of Ann Arbor's most admired bands, The Nothing are calling it quits this fall. The rumor mill is working overtime, and I've heard everything from "sexual tensions in the band" to "not getting signed by a major label" as reasons for the band breaking up. The one true thing is that the split was initiated by keyboardist Brooke Harrison, and guitarist Adam Monette. I decided to skip the rumors and ask the source. I interviewed Brooke and Adam at the bad idea October 10th. Interview by Josh Redd S.

I asked them right away why they were breaking up the band.
"...For a number of reasons," Brooke said. "I think I just needed a really, really big change in my life. And that's not the only thing I had to change in my life, the other is my job, and the other one is my residents within the state of Michigan."

"So basically you're changing every thing?"

"Yeah."

I wanted to know what they were doing next, what's after the Nothing, and why all the change. The both looked at each other.

"Should we tell him?" Brooke asked Adam.

"Yeah. Why not." He said.

"We're getting Married in June." She says. "We also have to move in four months and then we have to move again six months after that. There's just a million things that require lots of planning by themselves and all of it put together within less than a year..."

I congratulated them, and asked about the moves. They're lease in Ann Arbor runs out in four months and they want to stay in town for their wedding and to get ready for their big move. Turns out they're both planning on going back to school, in Arizona. Adam plans on studying Art and Business, while Brooke will be going into Art and Education.

"I'm thinking about getting a job as an art teacher in a junior high."

About her facial tattoos, Brooke says she hopes it will help, or at least not hurt, in her ability to relate to kids. I know what she means, being an ex punk rock teacher I know that kids could care less, but getting it past the administration and the parents is the hard part. I hope it works and wish my art teacher had tattoos on her face.

"About the Nothing?" I'm wondering if, besides being insanely busy there's anything else that brought about the split.

"Part of it was the pressure to come up with new material..." Brooke explains that early on when she started playing with members of the Nothing but before the band, she thought she go with it for a while.
"But ultimately, I didn't want to do that as art." She'd reminisced an old discussion she'd had. "...When it stops being fun, it's time to stop playing." And for Brooke and Adam, the Nothing was slowly becoming less and less fun.

"It was a hard decision." Adam says. One they'd been thinking about since June. They decided to ride out the summer and see if it could once again become as fun as it was when they started. It didn't.

"I guess you could kinda relate it to getting high..." She laughs and wonders if that's the most appropriate analogy. "...like, the first couple times are really great and then..."

"Are you happy that you did the Nothing?" I wonder. They say they are. That they'd learned a lot about culture, a lot about people, and a lot about music, and the difference between bar bands and punk bands.



ADAM MONETTE AND BROOKE HARRISON

"There's a certain amount of pretentiousness," Brooke says about bar bands. "They don't have each others backs, as bands. They're very career and goal oriented. Where as the punk rock culture is more like, kinda a big party, everybody's having a good time..."

I asked them if they where going to continue playing music.

Adam replied, "I'm still playing guitar, writing songs some..."

"It's defiantly more like how it was before the Nothing," Brooke explains, "kinda tinkering with it when I can..."

I tell them I've heard rumors about a last show, and possibly a CD release.

"I think, it's November sixth, at the Neutral Zone. I've got that day off work"

And about the CD's, they tell me that they are hoping they can get it done by then.

"Anything else you want to say about the demise of the Nothing?" I Ask.

"Sorry!" They go on to tell me again about how hard of a decision it was to end the band. How it was just one more thing that had to go as they've each begun to change the direction of their lives. And now, have to figure out how to spend there time together as partners in life, instead of band mates.

About that major label rumor. Brooke laughs as she tells me it wasn't narrowed down to major labels, just any record label.

"If we'd been able to get paid to play music. We could have quit our job." And had all the more time to work on the band, plan for the moves, register for classes, plan a wedding, and feed all their dogs. For Adam and Brooke something had to go in order for them to still function. Sadly one of those things was what I thought, the best band in Michigan. The Nothing will be sorely missed, but keep your ears open for "Remnants of the Nothing" a band consisting of the Kevin, Ivy, and Randal the band members left behind, coming to your basement soon.

The nothing can be reached at Snapping@noiseusse.org

WORLD-DOMINATE: PART 8 OF 32

LANGEL JANSON L. BOOKBINDER ESQ. II — PERMIT ALL B



WELCOME TO OUR TEXMERICA INDEPENDANCE SPECIAL TURKEY-DAY SPECIAL. THE ELECTION DIDN'T MATTER- WHETHER WE WON OR LOST- EITHER WAY WE SUCCEEDED A MORE SOVEREIGN NATION HERE IN TEXMERICA. LET ME INTRODUCE MY ARMISTACE AND KNIGHTHOOD -



*SPONSORED BY DIEBOLD AND HALI BURTON

MAD POLITICAN
a creation of social unrest



BUBBLE BUBBLE BLUB
BLUBBLIZATION

BEEFSTARCH
a justification for social unrest



PRAR TO YEEEN DIETY

REAGAN'S GHOST
puppated by Bagpnet



ALOPECOID

AND OUR ENFORCER
JOHN COMBS the TATERNATOR



THANK YOU, SENATOR...

POTATOS IS NIGH ON FREEDOM-
POTATOS IS ZILLIONS STOLEN OF
POWER! I AM JOHN COMBS the
TATERNATOR- A PATRIOT BROUGHT
WITH IRONY AND PROUD! I GREETED
THOSE DEMOCRATIC TERRORIST
PROTESTERS WITH E=mc² POTATO
POWER. UTILIZING MY POTATO-
POWERED FLYING
COMBINE AND WAS
REWARDED WITH THE
DISMEMBERMENT
FORTUNE OF RAIN
ON MY ZEALOUS
BEAST.



(EMPTY
SPACE)

GOD
HATES
YOU
Sodomites
Abortionists
Drunkards
JUST THE
WAY YOU ARE!



(MORE)

WE'VE BEEN IMPORTING ALL KINDS OF 'PORTENT RESOURCES
HERE IN TEXMERICA FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS FROM
POLKET NUKES TO CRUDE OIL. THOSE AMERICAN'IS DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHERE THAT EXTRA DOLLAR A GALLON WENT.



EMANCIPATE
PROCLAIMATE
THAT!



YE PILGRIMS
O'ER ILL FAITH!



BUT FIRST
TURDUCKEN

OUR FIRST ORDER OF EMPIRICAL SUCCESS IS THE
ENSLAVEMENT OF MEXICO AND THEN THE NUKING
OF LIBERAL LANDS NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON.

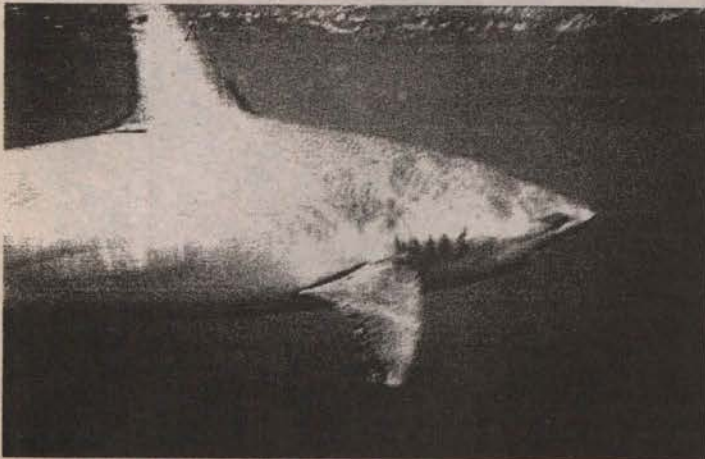
DAMNIT!! REAGAN!!
PUT OUT YOUR STOGIE -
DON'T YOU KNOW I SEASON
ALL HOLIDAY BANQUETS
WITH GUNPOWDER!!



So, I says to Josh "This article needs a title" and he says, after much consideration, "Let's just call it..."

SHARKS!

by Theresa Kiefer



"Bad Fish. This shark, swallow you whole. A little shakin', a little tenderizin'. Down you go." -Quint from Jaws

Being Chris's partner in crime means jumping into everything head first. I'll never forget when he told me to pick up a bass guitar, just to see what happens. I'd always wanted to play bass, so I was totally into it. 4 months later, I was in a Rock 'N Roll band opening up a huge show at The Blind Pig in Ann Arbor. 10 months after that, we were on the road doing a Midwest tour. So it was only natural that on the first day of our trip I'd be on a boat, speeding through the cobalt blue, Pacific Ocean on my way to shark infested water.

We had driven up to Haleiwa, the North Shore of Oahu. There were two Captains of the boat, Captain Joe and Captain Scott. Both had stories of swimming with sharks and even of being bitten by sharks, a few times. They had seen it all, Tiger sharks, Galapagos sharks, even Great Whites. "When you're down there," said Captain Scott "and you notice that all of the sharks have split, keep yours eyes open. That means a larger shark is approaching. A Great White was spotted out here two weeks ago." Nice. With the commercials running every 10 minutes of 'Open Water,' I was already feeling a little apprehensive, but come on; I was going to be in a cage, right?

We left the coast and drove the teeny boat out about 5 miles. Luckily, you could still see land. The cage was already out there, anchored to the bottom of the ocean which was between 300-500 feet deep. Captain Scott started throwing bloody chum in, while Captain Joe turned on the music from 'Jaws'. Ugh. That sorta made me nervous, but almost right on cue, sharks appeared. Christ, that didn't take long at all! I looked around and at one time I counted 7 large sharks. They were between 10-15 ft. long, that's what the captain said anyway. I didn't have any idea what size they were exactly, the sharks just looked big to me.

Captain Scott dumped an entire bucket of chum into the circling sharks-- LET THE FEEDING FRENZY BEGIN! I stood at the edge of the boat in awe, watching them dart around as quickly as the eye could see. Two sharks went after the same large piece of chum, colliding just above the surface. All you could see were two large fins convulsing against one another above the crashing waves. One after the other, they fell into an uncontrollable fury. The chum was driving them mad.

Captain Scott pulled the cage up to the boat and told us to get in. I had my snorkel gear all ready to go, and Chris was by my side. Honestly, I was terrified. As soon as the cage fell from the boat, we floated out about 10ft. (we were tied to the boat). I remained floating on the surface for a few seconds, just checking out the shark fins all around me. Yeah, I was inside a steel cage, but it was still pretty intense. I started hyperventilating, but I had to maintain myself. I'd never have this chance again. I put my mask on and submerged underwater. Chris was pointing in every direction like a kid in a candy store. Yes dear, I know that we are surrounded by sharks. The sharks were a lot bigger than they looked above water. That's the first thing that came to my mind. The width of these sharks was

most impressive, they were like little tanks. I was honestly surprised about that. They looked pretty big above water, but I was simply not prepared for the reality of the situation. These were some HUGE sharks!

I had the underwater (disposable) camera, so I started taking pictures. I was shaking like leaf from the exhilaration, the cold water and from the rough ocean pounding me against the cage over and over again. I can't tell you how many times I cracked my head on the steel cage. Ouch! At one point I looked down and saw Chris's calves hanging out of the cage! I grabbed him and pointed at his legs. This is when we both looked down for the first time and realized something pretty fucking scary. There was not a bottom to the cage.

Oh my. There were two little bars, but that was it. When looking down, you could see sharks WAY down in the ocean, they looked about 4 inches long, then they'd shoot up with lightening speed and that little shark emerged from the deep as a HUGE shark. That was remarkable, but what kept these sharks from getting inside our cage? The more I thought about the possibilities, the faster the panic spread through my body. I just tried not to dwell on it, so I continued to look around and take pictures. I handed the camera over to Chris and tried to steady myself on the cage. Chris actually reached out once and tried to touch one of the sharks. What can I say about that? He's a big boy. Did he miss that part in the beginning? Captain Scott said "Don't stick any limbs out! We've had people get bitten..." Chris was lost in the whole fantasy of swimming with wild sharks. I was pretty into the idea myself, but after about 20 minutes, the sharks disappeared. This was the scariest moment for me.

The words of Captain Scott immediately came to mind "...keep yours eyes open. That means a larger shark is approaching." After looking around and not seeing a thing for few minutes, I found that the silence was paralyzing. Where did those other sharks go?!? I popped my head up and said "Ok, I'm ready to get out." They pulled us to the boat and we got out. None of us caught a glimpse of a larger shark, though the Galapagos Sharks came back in time. There were also Sand Reef Sharks and Blue Tip Sharks. Pardon me for overreacting, but I didn't want to be in a rickety little cage (just take a look at the picture!) in the middle of the ocean with bloody chum surrounding us IF a huge Tiger Shark or Great White Shark approached us. Nope, not for me. This bummed Chris out; his dream is to see a Great White while in a cage...on your own time.

It was a blast. I got a ton of pictures. At one time, Captain Joe decided to show off, so he jumped in the chum filled ocean, that's right-- no cage! Just Captain Joe and a bunch of HUGE sharks. I just covered my eyes and told Chris to tell me when he got back on the boat. There was a young college kid from Texas who decided at the last minute that he wasn't going in, so the captains teased him relentlessly. "Oh, so a girl can do it, but you can't!?" Whatever.

All I can say is this, the Shark Adventure was amazing. As the Egyptologist said, who found the bust of Queen Nefertiti "Description is useless, see for yourself." It was surreal.



STENCILS FROM AROUND TOWN



welcome to the latest installment
of stencils from around town!!
ok, enough talking, enjoy the
pictures!

-Max





MEANWHILE,
IN THE O.R....

VERSIFICATORS
ARE PLOTTING TO
KILL THE MUSIC
INDUSTRY

AWW, HORSESHIT!
WHAT ARE THEY
GONNA DO? KILL
INDUSTRY PROFITS
BY BURNING OFF
CORPORATE
RELEASES?



NOW, THAT'S JUST FREE
ADVERTISING FOR THE MAN.
BY SETTING UP A SYSTEM OF
MAKING AND DISTRIBUTING
MUSIC THAT COMPLETELY
GOES AGAINST THEIR
IDEALS.

PLEASE!
PUNK'S BEEN
DOIN' THAT
FOR YEARS.
IT HASN'T
MADE A
DENT!



VERSIFICATORS
ARE MAKIN'
IT FREE, HOMEY!
NO CHARGE MEANS NO
PROFITS MEANS NO
INDUSTRY. FREE MUSIC
MAKES MUSICAL
FREEDOM + LESS
BULLSHIT!

FREE SHOWS*,
CD'S, VIDEOS
AND EVEN
T-SHIRTS?
WHERE CAN
I FIND OUT
MORE?



JUST GO TO
GEOCITIES.COM/AZTERROR
YOU'LL FIND INFO ABOUT THE
BAND AND LINKS TO DOWNLOADS.
YOU CAN SEE THEM LIVE AT ON
HALLOWEEN, THEIR FIRST ELECTRIC
SHOW, OCT 31ST AT
THE BLIND PIG.



*EXCEPT THE PIG SHOW WILL COST \$\$\$, SORRY.

from Ann Arbor, MI

VERSIFICATORS

THE INTERVIEW

By: Janet V.D. Nelson and Tavi Veraldi.

Versificators are a free band...yes, FREE BAND. For those of you that don't know what I mean by that, it means that they are avoiding being a meaningless and artless band that's involved with the music industry, by being a band that's NOT involved in greed and profit, such as charging for CDs, shirts, patches, and there music.

The band consists of:
Spencer Nuisance - Vocals
Jef Porkins - Guitar
R - Upright Bass
Nate Pancakes - Trap Kit

Here's what the guitarist of Versificators (Jef Porkins) has to say....

Tavi & Janet: What are your limits on your band being free?

Jef Porkins: Hopefully none. It evolved like this, I really wanted to play on the streets...and that's free. Then we recorded the album (Amanda calls us the Versifucks...) the day before our first show. When we made the CD we didn't put a price on them and decided to just give them away. The CDs had cost us \$15 to make 100 of them, that's 15 cents a CD. Why not give that away? Then, we made patches that were made from scrap fabric, which was free. Then we made T-Shirts from extra promo T-shirts that we got from work for free, so why not give those away too? \$15 is all we spent on the merch, so what's the point of people spending money on it? Why not spend \$15 and have the fans enjoy it? One time that we weren't free was when we played at the Blind Pig. They charged at the door and gave us \$50. \$40 of it when to the guy that covered my shift (he took a big pay out to do it) and the rest went to buy more CDs.

T&J: Seven pure Volume Sites? What's up, dude?

JP: Yeah, Lars Ulrich rules! Protecting his right to earn 15 cents per \$15 album. Sucker. I think it's stupid to pay for downloads. Pure Volume offers bands the space to put up 3 downloadable songs for free. If you want more, than you have to pay money. We just kept getting multiple sites so we could put more than 3 songs on the internet. So, people can still miss our shows and be able to get our music off of the internet for free.

T&J: Why are you going electric after a whole year acoustic?

JP: Well, when we started out, we did the acoustic thing. It's really fun and we feared that we would just breakdown and play electric and get in a rut of doing that. I figured that limiting the format to acoustic would, in effect, expand the acoustic format. We really wanted to play electrically, but we didn't want to cut short our acoustic career. So we made a pact to hold off "going electric" for at least one year. We're still gonna play acoustic, but we'll also be willing to play electric. I think that if we had not held off for the one whole year, that we would have given up and would have went full on electric by now. I'm glad we held off.

T&J: What do you hope to accomplish with this new recording of yours?

JP: The back cover! Ha ha. No, I've been lax on completing the cover for some time. It's my turn to do the cover this time. You see, we're all good artists, so we agreed to draw our own covers rather than using clip art. This new one has six original songs and three covers. We planned to do 2 more originals but we decided not to after all. We wanted to hurry up and get all the stuff recorded before we go electric, so we can release all the old stuff re-recorded using electric instruments.

T&J: What were your inspirations for being a free band?

JP: People like Josh Redd. He was a big inspiration for me. He has done free shows and it was just inspiring. I looked at it and saw how cool it was. The other side of the inspiration is to be nothing like the soul sucking, rock 'n roll vampires that I see coming to the place where I work.

T&J: What effect would you want to bring to the scene?

JP: I would like to inspire other people to do what we do, in whole or in part. To bring down the music industry by making a viable alternative. Kevin and Matt were supposed to start an acoustic street band, that would have been awesome to be able to play with other people on the street. It would make it a more powerful force against the evil music industry. Sorry, if that sounds all hoity-toity and high horsed, but I don't think people understand the bullshit inherent in the music industry. I'd like them to, but I'm not gonna go into that here. I'd just like the local scene to be able to thrive despite the lack of venues and officially sanctioned ways of doing things.

Versificators are a free band for all types of people just trying to get their ideas and views and maybe inspire some kids or peers to do the same. Go fill yourself with love and joy from Versificators and all the messages about dinosaurs, christmas and the sensation of a band that's not just for the money, but about the music. Come on guys...lets make more bands like this.

Upcoming Versificators shows...

10/31/04 - at the Blind Pig w/John Sinclair and Rootstand. Doors @ 9:30pm

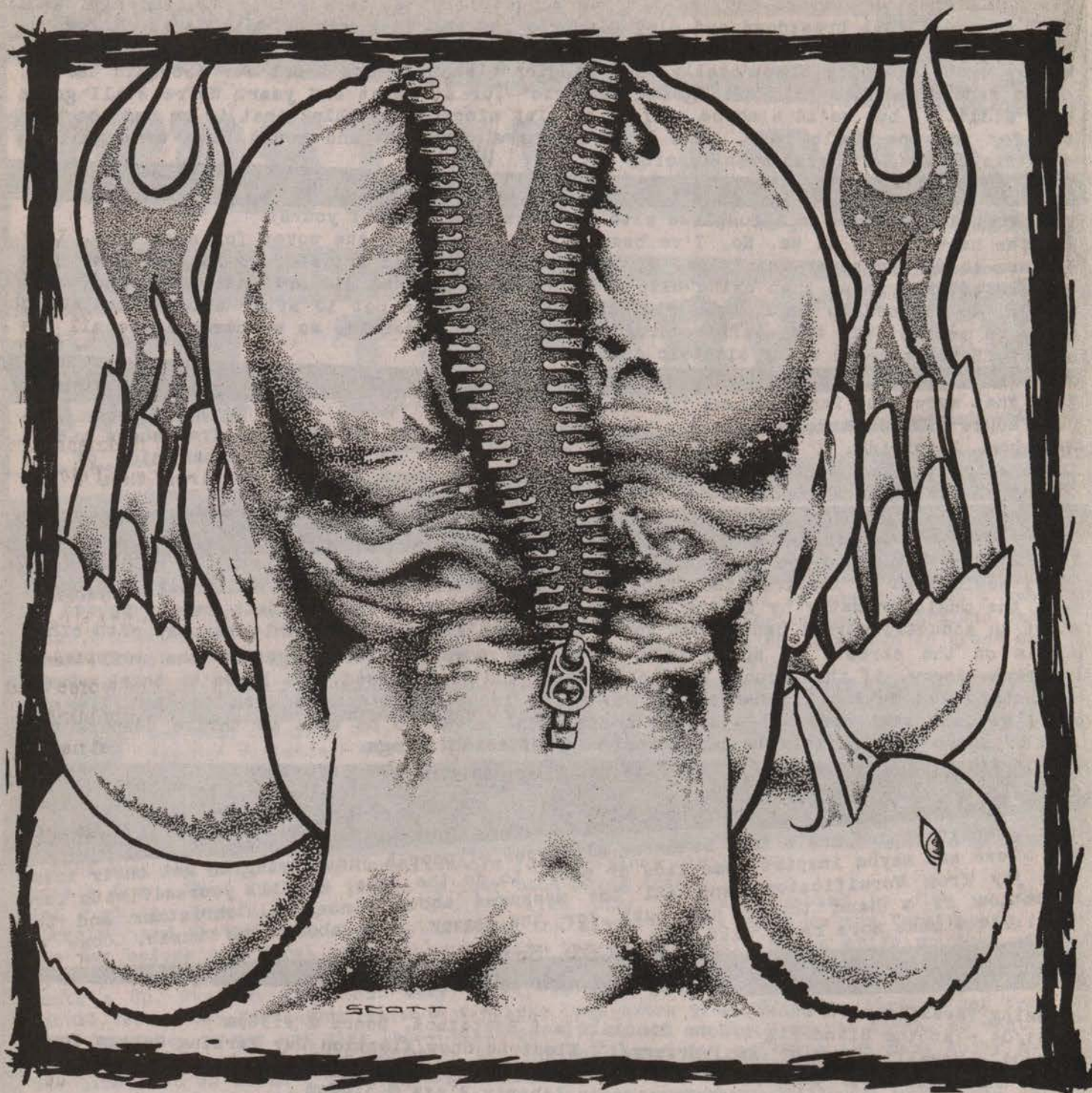
11/2/04 - Versificators 1st Anniversary/1st Electric Show/Election Day Parking Garage Tour!

Watch the website for details.

11/22/04 - JFK Assassination Celebration in Liberty Plaza @ 3:00pm

If your not available to see any of the fabulous upcoming Versificators shows, you can also here their music at any of these 7 Pure Volume sites...FOR FREE.

www.purevolume.com/versificators
www.purevolume.com/dieversifikators
www.purevolume.com/annarborliberationfront
www.purevolume.com/losversificatos
www.purevolume.com/laversificatres
www.purevolume.com/annarbormunicipalprotestband
www.purevolume.com/theversifucks



- Scott Bentz is an artist from Lansing. He's done a few record covers for his band as well as other people's bands. He also does stencils and had some art in the last issue of Bad Ideas. He can be contacted at Bentzco@hotmail.com



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MARVEL® has perpetrated the ignorance of America's youth for nearly half a century (or at least a good forty years). Stan Lee is solely responsible for sewing this shrouded web of darkness that hides the truth from us all. Even the innocent psyche of Peter Parker himself is a victim to this sad, sad secret.

This spidey-sense™ that supposedly warns our "hero" of danger is actually a biological emission of putrid stench that attracts enemies. Those wavy lines floating around SPIDER-MAN™'s head are not placed in such a halo-esque fashion as to represent an extra-sensory ability but rather to symbolize a smell worse than rotting, maggoty vomit. A document was found recently buried under a rats' nest in the basement of the Smithsonian that named this affliction 'spidey-stench™'.

"I knew that no one would possibly want to buy a comic about a smelly dunderhead. And the publishers at MARVEL® agreed with this reality on the subject," stated Stan Lee at gunpoint, creator of SPIDER-MAN™ and current president of MARVEL COMICS®. "So we talked it over and we ended up hiring these talented public relation executives. They were great. Some of them seemed like literary geniuses. It was advised to create an anti-suck filter." MARVEL® patented it just before they trademarked the words 'super-hero™' and 'super-villain™'. Lee added, "And so that was that. But I think it was for the best."

A legion of smelly New Englanders in Nooseneck, Rhode Island found themselves for the first time without a backbone for their personal realities. Another odoriffable group in Dennis, Massachusetts claims to have witnessed the horizon bending into a figure '8' form. Unlord himself reportedly fell down twice.

-Excelsior, douches-



SPIDER-MAN™ viewed here before the 'MARVEL® Filter'

SPIDER-MAN™ viewed here before the 'MARVEL® Filter'

Josh Redd's Fall Tour

* of * Ann * Arbor * 2004 *

eh, I walk around alot. All year round cuz I like the place I live. I enjoy the little paths + bridges and it's alot more fun than watching another movie. Too many times I mention a bridge or path or park and find out no one knows what I'm talking about. I've taken people on walking tours, but below is a self guided tour. take it, enjoy yourself. Or Don't and go watch T.V.

★ Alright so here's the fourth + last walking tour. (At least for a while) O.K. I've never been able to figure out what's best to drink in the fall, besides coffee + orange juice, so I hid some tequila, wine + a 40oz. Have fun looking. oh, whatever I hid some whiskey also....
- start (again) at the fleetwood. Drink a bunch of coffee first (tip well) then walk up hill, (east) half a block + turn left into the alley. Cross one street, stay in the alley when you get to the next street look acrossed it in front of you. You'll see the bus station. It's a pretty old modern building. Built in the 40's or 50's (or maybe just to look like it, in the 60's or 70's) notice to cool half round windows to make it look sleek + futuristic.

- walk across the street, go to the right of the bus depot and directly take a left into the space between the depot + the building next to it. On your right you'll see this ramp that goes down to a parking lot + would be fun to skate down except you'd run into the gate that opens when a car comes but not a skateboard. Also notice the drivers ed "VW bug" all painted with stars. There's also a nice stencil on the ground near a big pillar which is near the car. Just look, you'll see it. Keep walking, there will be a parking lot on your right + a parking structure on your left. (the parking structure

has some cool towers you can climb on + is a good place to watch the sun rise/set.) walk along the parking structure till you hit a street then take that right. passed one stop light. Then look on your left. About two buildings down there is a plaque on the wall. Read it. Continue walking passed a stop sing + the past another stop light.

- A bit passed that second stop light look to your right. Here's another building built to look futuristic. It's "city hall" and the police station. It was built late 60's early 70's, after all the huge protests here. It's built bigger on top so that protesters couldn't use ropes to climb the building. It sounds crazy if you've never seen pictures of the protest. For a while during that time Ann Arbor was probably the most nuts, progressive city in the country except maybe San Francisco but per capita it was A². In the end the yuppies took over both towns so it hardly matters. Near the back of city hall you'll see some stairs going up to the roof of the first floor. Go up them. The whole roof is a big patio with tables + everything. I don't know why they built it like this the city never uses it except in 1998 when the KKK wanted to have a meeting in Ann Arbor. The Klan demanded thier first amendment + the city let them speak on top of city hall putting a fence around the rest of the property.

Hundreds of protesters showed up. One of them hit a Klan member in the head with a rock & the police teargassed us. In '98 the Klan came back this time the city had them speak behind plexy glass under the front overhang near the front doors. They put a fence over the stairs & had about two cops guarding the patio. We tore down the fence and chased the cops back inside as we stormed the city hall roof/patio thing you're standing on. The police chief shut down the Klan's speech once we took the roof and got them out of the building. They got about 12 minutes to talk thanks to us. Then we got teargassed, again.

-Walk across the patio to some more stairs that lead to the street & go down them. Turn left. Pass one stop light then cross the street. There is a car repair shop on the corner. To the left of that is a driveway. Go in that driveway away from the street. It's a short cut that leads to another street. About half way to the next street where the parking lots meet look on your left behind the white building. This is a fun place to skate because they paved a nice slop into there driveway. Keep walking to the next street. When you get there cross and then turn left. There will be a huge brick parking structure now on your right. (Notice another glass elevator) As soon as you reach the end of the parking structure turn right into an alley. You may have to squeeze between some trucks but follow the alley until it hits a street (Don't forget to look at the graffiti.) Turn left at the street. On your left is one of the two downtown theaters ann arbor has out of the nine it used to. And this one is the only one that still uses the whole building. The

other (which you can see straight ahead) rents out the bottom floor. -

-When the street dead ends (at the other theater) turn right. This street in the 60's was the sight of some huge protest at one point the city drove a tank up here on this street to maintain control when you get to another stop light turn right. About halfway down the block on your right next to an alley is this crazy old building with a brick wall around the front. This has been abandoned for as long as I can remember. Somebody (you) should buy this place. At the next street turn left. After a block the street turns but don't follow the turn keep going straight. Look to your right. There is a building with all the interconnecting horizontal & vertical lines built into it. The lines connect to make all these little windows. This building was built around the same time city hall was. It was built like that not only to look art deco but to prevent protesters from throwing rock through the windows. Also note the public art (huge cube) There are two of these in the world. The other one's in New York city, but it doesn't spin. -Walk Passed the cube & turn left. Walk to the street and turn right. At the stop light move diagonal across the intersection toward the castle looking building. Head to the first arched entry into a courtyard. This is the law quad for the U of M law students. It's a pretty cool place to explore inside and you should check out their library. But right now walk across the courtyard diagonally toward an opening. Once at the opening you can look on your right & there is a pit(?) of glass windows so that sunlight can get to the underground

library. You can see a street from where you are. Go to it, cross it, walk about 20 feet to your right then take a left down a walk way. At the end take a right on to another walkway. You'll see this art, metal, frame, house thing in front of you. when you get there go left. Look around at the building you're near. It always makes me nervous. It just feels like it's gonna fall down any second. Keep walking down the walk way. Passed some good skate spots and to the next street.

- Turn left at the street. It dead ends a bit down and turns into another walk way. Follow the walk way until you get to another street. Cross it then stop. Look a bit to your right, you should see a big building with two black statues of cats on both sides of the door. That's the Natural History Museum. It's usually free and a good place to go.

Look to the left of that building and a ways back you'll see another light colored building. Walk toward that, on the left of that building is a walkway. Take the walkway passed the building. It curves a bit + you'll be between two big, new, buildings (The one on your left isn't done yet.) Keep on the walkway, it curves to the left + goes over a road. Once over the road walk in the same direction (now on the side walk) to the next stop light. Turn left. At the next light turn right.

- After the next stop light look on your left. There's a parking structure there. At the end of it, between the structure and a blank concrete wall is a cool path that leads up this hill to some streets. DON'T GO THERE right now. You should go there sometime but I couldn't figure out how to fit it on this walk without going in more big circles. I just think you should

know it's there. Instead keep walking the way you already are, down the hill.

- Go passed the first stop light. When you get to the second just passed it, look to your right and you'll see a parking lot. From the street looking at it go straight back to a fence. Follow that left until you find a hole. Go through the hole to the rail road tracks and go right. Stop under the first bridge. This is Ann Arbor's graffiti gallery. There is stuff on this and the next bridge that go back to the first people doing graffiti in this town. It's one of the only places like this in the world. Two things you should know. 1) if you ever come down here to do some art, show some respect. don't put some stupid shit over art that's been here since before you were born. 2) people live down here. All year round, so be respectful of their space. Act like you're in a stranger's home, cuz you are.

- But look around. My personal favorite is the huge X that says "Straight edge, the new way to live". After the second bridge take a sharp right. You're looking for a path, it's sometime hard to find but you'll find it when you do take it to another bridge. More of the gallery. This used to be the wall the really good stuff got put up + stayed for a long time, but that stopped a few years ago. People also live here + sometimes on the trail. Go out of the bridge onto the grass. Turn right and go up the hill to the street. Once there turn right.

- Follow the street for awhile till you hit a stop light. Turn right but cross to the left side of the street. After a bit you'll see, on your left a sign that says "Plymouth park" turn into it. There's some stairs. Go up them. That's the park. Almost as good as Hannah Park (from the spring tour). You'll see

some railroad tracks kinda toward your right. Go to them & follow them left. Keep walkin untill you get to a bridge but don't cross it. Just before you would turn to your left & go down the embankment. Carefull it's slippery. When you get to the ground, turn left over a small foot bridge. Then turn right & go over the dam. Once over don't follow the trail to the right. Instead walk straight. Go over some rail road tracks and into some parking lots.

- Go left through the parking lots. When you get to the last one there are some steps that go down. Go down. There will be buildings on your right & a field on your left. Walk into the field & look around. See the crazy rail road tracks thing in the sky? I think they used to put the train cars on this so they could dump grain into trucks that drove underneath it. They don't use it anymore but it's cool. Climb on it if you want. The rail road "un-loader" leads to a street. Go to that street. You have to go over or around a fence. Once at the street, acrossed it, there should be a park pretty much in front of you. (maybe a bit to your left) Go to the park. Cross it diagonaly to your left. (We used to call this Wheeler Dealer park, for obvious reasons. The North Central Property Owners Association thinks they got rid of the "dealers" because they cleaned the park and drug dealers don't like clean parks. Really the dealers just graduated high school or moved to a more central location) Once across the park turn right on to the street. At the next street take another right. Walk for two blocks then you get to a stop light. The street you're on was going diagonal to most of the citys streets,

and it ends here. You want to cross the street in front of you & jog to your right onto the street that goes down a hill and has less street lights than the other street you could go right on.

- Follow that street pass one intersection the the street you're on curves left. This curve has been the sight of two punkweek generator shows. "Eodepus & the Mother Fuckers" punk week 1, 02, "Bantha Fodder" Punk week 3, 04. Follow this street passed three more intersections and on the forth one turn left. Look on your right, There is a Flat old white building there. It's a parking structure, but unlike most you can't drive to the diferent levels. Each level has it's own entrance (there are three.) Right after the parking structure turn right into an ally. Walk passed the old bread dumpster, past where there used to be a basketball hoop & we played every wednesday untill they took it down, and onto the next street. Look to your left. There's the Fleetwood go get coffee, then go home.

-THE END-

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(coincidentally, you walk right by
this record store on the walk)

ANOTHER

Dedicated to the
Bad Ideas.
By: Janet

Day

Feat:
Dorian

8/22/04

Mixing in the
local diner.
drinking coffee.



GAH
NOTHING
TO DO



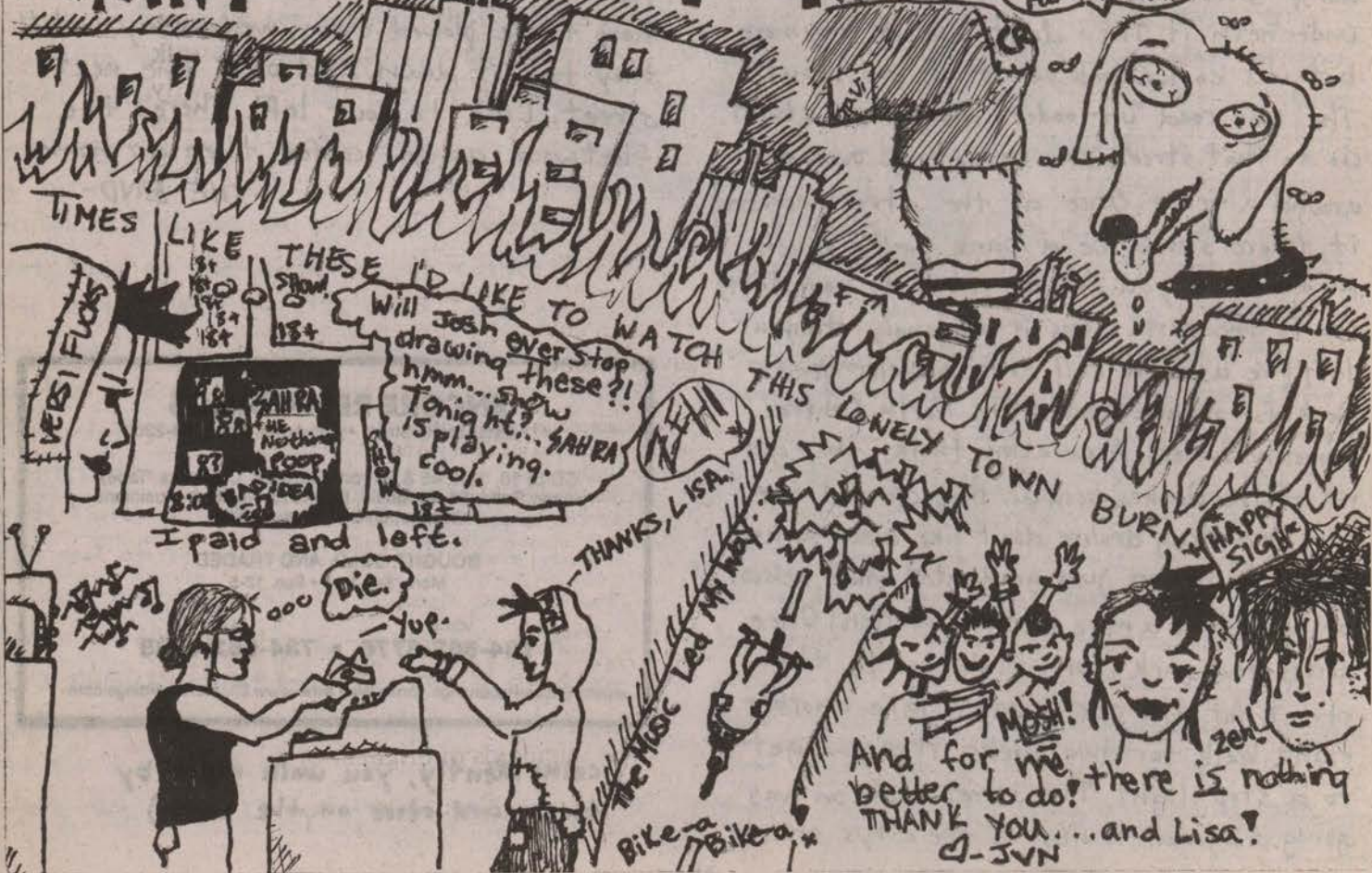
RANT RANT RANT RANT RANT RANT

Goddammit, my lungs hurt,
I've had enough coffee to equal
a no-doe overdose, I'm
sure I'm on the wait-

Stall's hit list, it's
8pm, I should be
doing something. There's
a crusty dog licking my
leg.

RANT RANT RANT

RANT RANT RANT





the Font Man Rants

Langel Janson L. Bookbinder Esq. IX

Al Jourgensen of Industrial-music Ministry and current board member of punk_voter.com was flaming pissed about a trendy piece of shit Urban Outfitters 'Voting is for Old People' t-shirt (pictured at right). He claimed it was a Republican conspiracy of young voter oppression. The true travesty is the overlooked Ray Larabee who has been developing hundreds of freeware fonts for years. His typefaces have graffitied contemporary design. So when a t-shirt controversy broke out featuring his font Budmo Jiggler I asked for a few words...



"I think the shirt is kind of funny but I'm Canadian and have given up hope that Americans will ever vote for anyone good let alone have more than two parties. The thing that pisses me off is all these clothing store chains that don't read the documentation that comes with the fonts*. Yes, sending me a sample of a product that you used my fonts with is voluntary but why is it **that** I only receive samples of products from small companies, independent record labels, churches and individuals who use my fonts - the people who can least afford it? You've got Ocean Pacific where about half of their products have one of my freeware fonts on them, Bluenotes jeans where the whole store chain is done up in my Neuropol font. Exco, and their fake hip hop clothing. How about the logo for the 2008 Olympics? Think I'll get a tote bag or a mug? Don't count on it! And then there's music: Dixie Chicks, Will Smith, Backstreet Boys, Theory of a Madman, Julio Iglesias and lots of other musicians I would never bother with use my fonts on their covers. I have never received a music CD from a major label group **. Meanwhile, some startup garage band who isn't exactly rolling in cash is nice enough to send me a copy.

Don't get me wrong, I get lots of cool stuff in the mail from "the little guy" but these fat cat corporations are the last ones to even bother sending product samples, even though it's probably a tax write off for them. When I see several brands of portable MP3 players with my free fonts plastered on them while I don't

own a portable MP3 player - I get slightly annoyed. And here's American Eagle Outfitters making loads of cash with this "bad" publicity off me and the backs of some underpaid seamstress from some god-knows-where free trade zone.

But really, the shirt is kind of funny. Back in the seventies I had a "Homework Rots my Mind" shirt that garnered shocked looks from adults. Kids love that shit. I can't imagine that anyone old enough to vote or with any taste would ever wear tat like that unless they were dressing up like "Kelso" for Halloween. Sure, the fake vintage shirts look cool until you walk down the street and see some tard with exactly the same fake, distressed vintage seventies shirt that they paid way too much for. Go to the Salvation Army, they've got way cooler shirts and they're a buck. Last week I found this purple shirt with a shitty clip-art skyline, Chicago in Helvetica and a rainbow. Cooler *** than anything I saw on ae.com and it was seventy cents."

* The documentation basically states that you can use the font for free, even for commercial use but if you use it for something cool, please send me a sample.

** Frank Black's wife was kind enough to send a CD but that doesn't count as major label. Damn fine disc though.

*** In a 1970's before-rainbows-were-considered-gay/Mork & Mindy way.

-Ray Larabee

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THE RIOTS



BACK IN SPADES

WHO WOULD ROBA STORE FOR CIGARETTES ?? BY: TAVI VERANO



National Trip

Day

J.B.

In early 1980 I was seventeen; a smartass, constantly stoned (or drunk, or tripping, or something) and I wore a leather jacket. I searched out the fastest music possible and played it as loud as possible. I remember taking the stereo speakers and leaning them into each other, so the tops of the speakers came together. The speakers kind of formed a triangle. Then I lay down on the floor with my head in between the speakers and cranked the fuck out of the Ramones. It was twenty of the most well spent minutes in my life. I had plenty of acne. I guess I was a punk. I wanted to have as much fun as possible. I had a desire to find and do the most extreme things I could...and I was not alone. There were a bunch of kids who could be classified as punks. It was pretty much what was happening back in the day. Punk or nerd, the choice was yours.

Still other terms could also be applied to me, such as burnout, and fuck-up. I certainly wasn't as extremely punked-out as some people. I think I finally cut my long greasy hair sometime in early 1980. It is quite possible that if I were born fifteen years later I would have been playing hip-hop on my speaker triangle. Work with me here a little. Get the beat going: Shikka-BOOM, shikka-BOOM-BOOM, Shikka-BOOM, Shikka-BOOM-BOOM...

My name is JB, I got a story to tell
I threw my quarter in the wishing well
I wish I could rap, that's what I said
And now they call me wonderbread!
Because I am white as a cracker,
I'm white as a ghost
I'm white as a piece of uncooked toast
I'm proud of my homey, eminem
I am thinking that I can do it again
With the rappin and rhyming and calling the tunes
And getting the girlyies to drop their pantaloons
I know about ghettos and all that crap
But I am bustin out white suburban rap
you must be true to yourself, be who you are
if you want to be a big rap star.

Yeah. Probably good I was there in the eighties. I don't think I would have done very well as a rapper. But, come to think of it I never really did very well in my punk bands either. Amazingly enough I opened for JFA (Jody Foster's Army) three different times in three different bands. It was The Truth, the Service and another band, maybe Necron 99? Anyway I thought it was cool. We now return you to your regularly programmed story. In March of 1980 I moved into a house on the corner of Fourth and Madison. Apparently we were called the Mad Four. Not because we resembled the Fantastic Four in any way. It was because there were four of us living at Madison and Fourth. The MAD

FOUR! Get it. HA-HA. Um...yeah, it was pretty dumb. But there we were, four groovy guys. Now I must take you back in time. Come, Sherman, to the wayback machine. In early 1979 a few of us disgruntled youths were hanging out on the third floor of Commie High. We were bored. It was very cold outside. There were times when it seemed my feet never were warm. It had been snowing and cold and miserable for so long it seemed like forever. The conversation would its way around to what we would like to be doing. Romping in the Arb high on acid was suggested. It seemed like an excellent idea. So we set a date. We wanted to make sure the weather would be wonderful. We set the date for May 9th. It was decided that every year on May 9th we would all take acid together and trip out and have tons of fun and frolic. Sometimes when I was tripping I was actually too high to frolic. My mind would frolic and I would just kind of drool on myself or something.

So, anyway, we did it. A few of us went to the Arb, took some acid and sat around watching each other melt and morph and stuff. We would start to say something and then...we would...we would just laugh. We frolicked. National Trip Day 1979 was not that big a deal. I think there were five or six of us.

Before we knew it another year had passed us by and May 9th was rapidly approaching. While the normal children went out hunting for Easter eggs we went searching for acid. It came to us in the form of some really wicked shit called "Blue Dragon". It was a blotter with a really cool graphic of a dragon on it. It looked really cool. Of course we had to test it out before the actual holiday. It was very clean and very intense. The original plan was just to have a few people over at the house and we would have a nice little trip. Of course that is not the way it worked out.

Let me pause for a moment and introduce you to the Neighborhood. The Neighborhood was the name of a group of ruffians. It was essentially a street gang but not in the same way gangs are today. It was a group of people who would do wild and crazy thing together, often things of a criminal nature. The neighborhood of "the Neighborhood" was around Eberwhite School. The kids had all grown up together and the name "the Neighborhood" came about sort of organically by the various people saying things like, "I'm leaving downtown and going back to the neighborhood". A person might be in any of several houses in the neighborhood or hanging out in one of the parks or schools. Eventually the "Neighborhood" came to mean the people that lived in the neighborhood. It was a loose group in a way in that it never really had a leader, but it was a very tight knit organization.

I was never an actual member of the Neighborhood. I was an associate. I sold them weed and got them stoned and such. I committed various criminal activities of a low level nature with them from time to

time. Petty theft and vandalism and things like that. They liked me and never kicked my ass. We were all friends and several of them were present for National Trip Day 1980. That is why I am mentioning them.

I would like to make a disclaimer here. That is that I really don't know what the fuck I am talking about and am generally "talking out my ass". Please understand that. I was not a member of the Neighborhood and have no right to write about it in any authoritarian way. The only thing I have ever been an expert on is being JB, and that is what this is about. My memories of this time may be completely warped and this is not meant to be a truly historical document. I am not using people's names for exactly that reason. I could be, and probably am, completely full of shit. Disclaimer over.

Back to 1980. As April was winding down we were stocking up on our Blue Dragon. I always thought that part of the fun about acid was the cool names it got. Even Purple Microdot was a pretty cool name. I remember "Mr. Naturals" and "Yellow Sunshine"; there was this really wicked stuff around just called Grey Blotter. It looked pretty plain but it projected a person far out into the astral plain.

Now as we were procuring the required substances word of the event began to spread. If asked about it I would not deny that National Trip Day celebrations would be taking place at my house. I did actually invite a few people over. My roommates also each invited a few people over. We did not really have any concerted effort to create a party. We never sat down and said let's have a bunch of tripping maniacs over on May 9th. It was simply National Trip Day and we were carrying on the tradition. It may have been a tradition that was only one year old, but still these traditions are the basis of our culture. Without traditions how can we separate ourselves as a people? It was our civic duty to take acid and fry our fucking minds out.

The guests would soon be arriving. Entertaining in one's home is always such a stressful activity. We did not have the benefit of having read any of Martha Stewart's books. We had some bonghits prepared as appetizers and of course a few cold beers. The downstairs stereo and the upstairs stereo were in a heated battle.

Stereo Wars was one of our favorite games. If a roommate pissed me off by playing their stereo either early in the morning or late at night, I would just crank the fuck out of some nasty punk rock to overpower whatever they were playing. Not every stitch of music played was punk. The Who, Stones and other sort of heavy rock and roll was mixed in with it. I had some records of obnoxious psychedelic 60's music that I would play really loudly. Bands like "the Magic Lanterns" and stuff. The weirder the better.

People started showing up and we all dropped acid. It was just like a regular party until the drugs kicked in. Then you could see what each person's trip was like. There must have been 30 or 40 tripping punks in this house all at once. I could see clearly what each person thought of them selves and what they wanted others to think of them. The social face that we wear unconsciously was worn openly all in attendance. We were all intensely aware of each other.

I remember one girl sitting in a chair in the middle of the living room. She was looking at us as if she was royalty. She was holding a rose that she waved about as a queen would wave her scepter. Then she dropped the rose and simply looked at it. It was beneath her dignity to reach down and pick it up. The music was so loud it was hard to hear anybody talk. There was a lot of laughter. I went upstairs and there on the stair way was a friend of mine we was laughing. He was all by himself and laughing at everything and at nothing. He was leaning against the wall and ever so slowly, inch by slow inch, he was sliding down the wall. It seemed that this sliding was hilarious to his twisted mind and caused him to laugh more. The laughter was coming out in almost as panting. He was completely out of breath, smiling and just giggling insanely.

I propped him back up and went upstairs, where my room was. The record player was skipping and I removed the disk and placed another piece of vinyl on the turntable. Thank goodness it was semi-automatic and all I had to do was push a button to get it started. I sat on my bed and just kind of tripped for a while.

I noticed a few people in the other upstairs bedroom. I went in to see what they were doing. They were doing coke. I was offered a line but declined. I did not think it would have any effect on me so why waste it. I was about as high as I could get.

I went back down to the insanity, propping my friend on the stairway up again as I passed. He was still laughing. It was pretty crazy down there. The music stopped. Everybody looked around. Oh shit. The music stopped. My roommate came to the rescue by changing the record. The trip got back into a mellow groove. Many of the members of the Neighborhood were there and some of their macho bravado was gone. Erased by the intensity of the drugs. It was really nice to be able to relate simply as people. The people that we truly were as opposed to the people we pretend to be. So much energy gets taken up in posturing. So little is spent on friendship. It was a really cool vibe.

Then the shit hit the fan. All hell was breaking loose. We were being attacked! There was loud crashing and the sound of splintering wood. Then came the sound of angry yelling and screams. The mellow crowd became a frightened mob. A panic set in and people ran for the bathroom. I still have no idea why everybody ran for the bathroom, but that is where they went. They actually tried to climb out of the bathroom window, which would have put them into the pen where our insane neighbors kept their pit bull.

I broke free of the mob and ran to the top of the stairs only dimly aware of the violence that was unfolding. All I knew was that I was at the top of the stairs holding a bicycle pump and anybody who came up the stairs was going to get majorly fucked up. These tripping people were trying to call the cops in the other room and I was standing guard. They were doing a good job of making the call considering that these were tripping and terrified girls. I just stood my post.

Next door to our house there lived these insane Viet Nam veterans. These guys had the 1000-yard stare. It was pretty spooky. They would just look out sometimes, and you knew they had seen too much death. Anyway, they saw it us as in a primitive tribal sense, our people and their people. Well, one of our people, a member of the Neighborhood, had vaulted over the hood of one of their cars. I am sure that they were watching the weird punks and listening to the insane chaos for some time. The planting of a hand on the hood of one of their vehicles and the punk leaping across the hood of said vehicle caused some kind of flashback. It was the proverbial straw.

The Viet Nam vets were alcoholics. They also smoked weed but being drunk was the buzz of choice for their people. They formed a small war party and made a mission over to the punk house. There were maybe six or seven of them. I thought it was pretty ballsy, considering we numbered about 30 or 40. I think they could see what kind of condition we were in. They were also drunk and had courage from that.

This one incredibly ugly, overweight, drunk, female thing picks up a bike and was going to throw it on the porch but fell over backwards instead. There was one really mean vet who had one of his arms blown off in the war and he brought a cinder block with him, in his good arm, of course. Like neighbors sometimes do, he threw the cinderblock at the house. It was just his way of communicating. He threw it through the porch railing and broke several slats out. There was a loud crashing. The panic started inside.

The Viet Nam people started yelling, but a few members of the Neighborhood were on the porch. This type of thing was nothing new to them. Perhaps the ugly woman and the guy with half his arm blown off were a little different, but it was good old-fashioned violence. An erstwhile warrior of the punk clan grabbed a porch slat and braced himself for battle. Two other rather large punks stayed on the porch to defend castle Mad Four. Upon seeing that weapons were going to be used the ugly woman pulled out a carving knife.

Let me tell you about this knife. It was a big carving knife of the type used in the movie psycho. It was a long and heavy knife. Now let me tell you how this knife looked on acid. It was a huge length of metal forged in the pits of hell for the sole purpose of inflicting death. It was being wielded by a person who was totally insane and had no regard for life. It was easily the most dangerous thing I had ever seen in my entire life.

The panic attack that went through the tripping crowd left only a few members of the Neighborhood on the porch. Only one of them had a rail slat and they were faced with half a dozen Viet Nam veterans who were intent on killing them. A few punks came up behind the Viet Nam vets, keeping a safe distance. It got the Viet Nam vets to pause in their charge and consider the situation. A few more punks showed up and it looked as if the vets were losing their nerve.

Suddenly three patrol cars swept down the street and screeched to a halt. Everybody ran. Punks and vets scattered to the winds. I was still at the top of the stairs waiting for anybody, fucking ANYBODY, to try to come up those stairs. My knuckles were white as I gripped my chosen weapon, the bicycle pump. Adrenaline was mixing with the acid coursing through my veins. My laughing friend was quiet now. He was behind me, as a back up, in case anything should happen. The three people who called the cops were huddled in my roommate's room, furtively peering out the window. They soon told me about the arrival of the cops and the subsequent dispersal of everyone.

It was known that the cops did not arrest anybody. They simply dispersed the crowd. That meant that the Viet Nam vets were still out there. These people had killed dozens, perhaps hundreds of times. I had no real idea of their weaponry or their capabilities and I was still tripping. There were five or six punks still inside the house. One of our roommates was unaccounted for, although he was assumed to be safe.

We decided it would be best to stay away from the windows. We huddled near the stairs, in the center of the house. We were no longer sharing a trip. Each person had gone back inside his own head. The women had all left. I kept my bike pump near at hand. I looked into the tripping eyes of my few friends who had chosen to stay and tried to smile reassuringly at them. I have no idea what I looked like. Their eyes did not meet mine for long.

After a few minutes we started talking about what we should do. Some people wanted to go upstairs and play some tunes. I wanted to just stay put. I knew that the vets were out there and I wanted to be downstairs in case they made another attack. Then there was a debate as to what the next move of the enemy was going to be. What were the chances of them coming back to attack us? What would it be like living next to them?

It was then that the knock came. To my tripping ears it sounded like a brutal bashing upon the portal of our humble abode. I quickly grabbed my bike pump and moved against the wall along side of the door. The other various punks found some sort of cover. I noticed with satisfaction that several of them had grabbed weapons of some type. We knew the vets would be more determined the second time around and we were not going to make it easy for them.

The knock came again. Tightly gripping my bike pump I open the door and found myself staring right into the face of this cute little sixteen-year-old girl.

"Hi," She said, "I heard there was a party here tonight".

"Yeah," I said, "get in. get down. Shut up."

She didn't stay long.

Three days later the vet with one arm appeared on our porch. I went out to meet him. He had come over to make peace between our tribes. We smoked the bong of peace. I shook his stump and he went home. I remember thinking about how similar our two tribes were, and how incredibly different.

IM WEIRD

IM WEIRD
 IM SO WEIRD
 IM WEIRD
 I THINK ILL GO KILL SOMEONE
 LEAVE ME ALONE
 I MIGHT HURT YOU
 IM MENTALLY ILL
 IM CRAZY TO
 I GOT UP PEOPLES FACES.
 I SMASH THEM INTO WALLS.
 I CUT OFF THEIR FINGERS.
 AND HANG THEM ON MY WALL.
 I LOVE TO STEAL BABIES.
 THERE SO NICE, I WANT TO PLAY.
 ITS FUN BEING CRAZY, MEBBLY ILL TO
 THAN THEY LOCK YOU UP WITH
 OTHER CRAZIES TO.

ALL LYRICS BY GROUND ZERO

I HATE JOCKS

WE WALK DOWNTOWN.
 JOCKS YELL AT US
 WE YELL BACK AND THEY COME
 AFTER US.
 WE TAKE OUT STICKS TO BEAT
 THESE BASTARDS. BUT WE END UP
 RUNNING ANYWAYS.
 I HATE JOCKS
 I HATE JOCKS
 I HATE JOCKS
 JOCKS SUCK
 THEY BEAT US UP
 THEY SAY ITS MORE FUN
 THAN KICKING A FOOTBALL
 FOR ABOUT DOWN RUN
 THEY HATE US WE HATE THEM
 EVERYONE WILL BE
 DEAD IN THE END



SKATE OR BE SKATED ON!

SO THERE ARE A FEW SKATERS IN YPSI. ALSO A
 FEW GOOD PLACES TO SKATE. HEWITT RD. NEXT TO
 YPSI HIGH SCHOOL OFFERS A GOOD DOWNHILL RUN.
 ONE GOING EACH WAY. ALSO AT THE CHURCH ON
 HEWITT HAS A REAL NICE FREESTYLE AREA. STEPS,
 CURBS, AND A SWEEPING PARKING LOT ARE SOME OF THE
 FEATURES. WE BUILT A SMALL QUARTER PIPE ON THE
 TENNIS COURT AT CLUBVIEW PARK BUT THE PARK
 OFFICIALS (ASSHOLE) TORE IT DOWN AFTER ONLY A FEW
 DAYS. NOBODY EVEN PLAYS TENNIS THERE BUT A COUPLE
 OF JOCKS FAGS. → SO WE REJECTED TO BURN
 PARK (MEANS IN YPSI) AND REBUILT THE QUARTER THERE.
 BUT LACK OF NAILS PREVENTED A SLOOY CONSTRUCTION
 SO SOME OF THE LOVELY LOCAL CHILDREN WOULD TEAR IT
 DOWN EVERYTIME WE WERENT THERE. REMAYBE NEXT
 TIME IT WILL CRUSH SOME LITTLE KID SO THEY WILL
 LEAVE IT ALONE. BUT SKATE WE MUST SO THE
 RAMP KEYS ACTIVE BOIT. BUT IT WONT COME DOWN
 AGAIN!

YPSI DOESNT RULE



SATURDAY SKATE SESSION.

APRIL IN ANN ARBOR

I woke up saturday morning and the first thing I said was "Mom is it raining out?" she said "no its beautiful out" well sheet! just what was needed because today was the unveiling of my new quarter pipe. Me and Jeff built a portable quarter pipe that fits into my van. The dimensions are 8 feet wide and 8 feet tall with almost a foot of vertical. Well me and Tom Hartwell and Tony Custodio set the beast up in a parking lot on north ashley about noon and proceeded to SKATE. After about an hour about 10 skaters showed up. MAN IT WAS GREAT!! A few skaters could jena. but many were beginners who never skated a ramp before. But that was cool cause everybody gave it a shot. The SNAKE was going wild!! We kept the ramp up about 9 hours that day and at almost any giving time there were 10 to 15 skaters hanging out. Over all it was a great day despite a few injuries that occurred. I want to set it up every weekend somewhere. So if you've got a spot to put it (preferably a sloping parking lot) than give me a call at 483-8840

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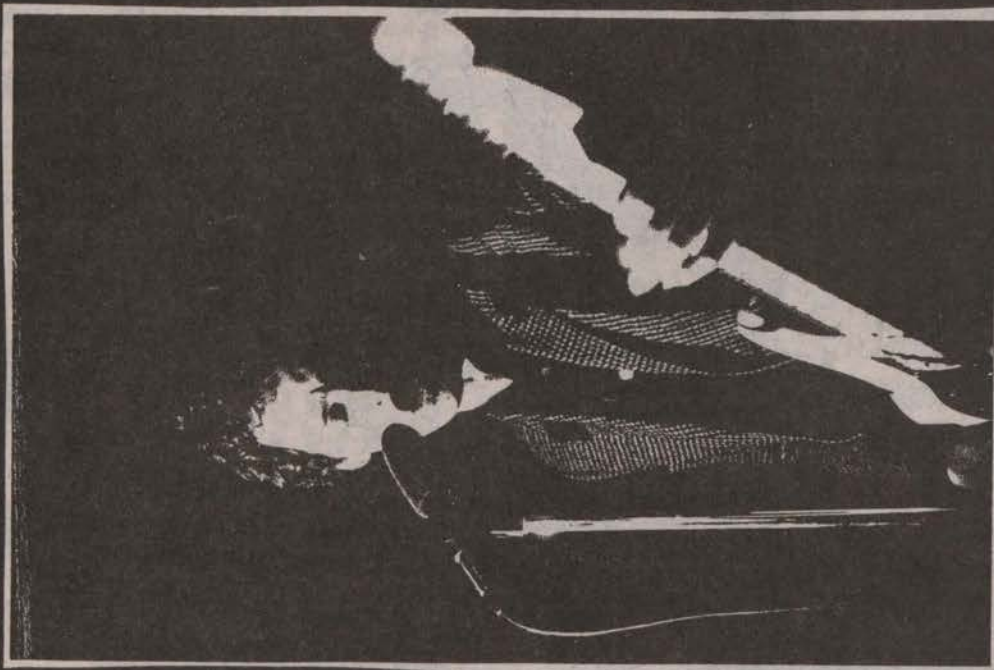
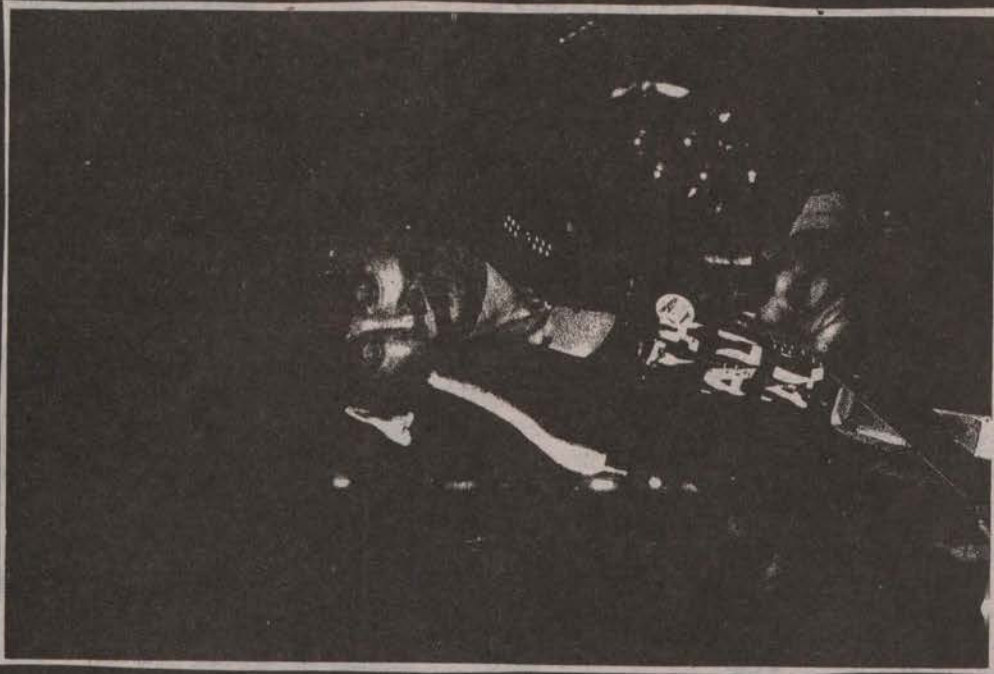
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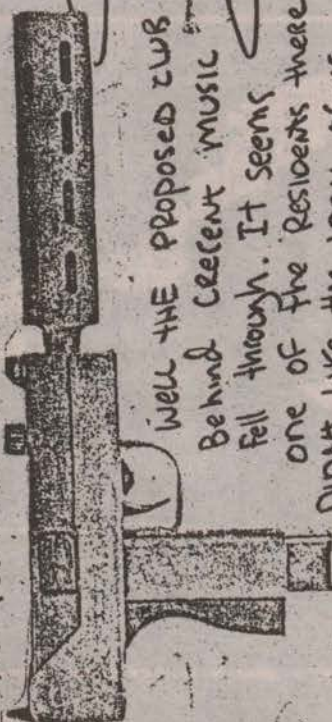
HISTORY



Gang War @
Joe's star lounge
in Ann Arbor
Nov. 79'
Top: Jonny Thunders
Down: Wayne Kramer

theres enough shit to right are

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GETTING WARMER THESE
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Lots of music is taking place
these days. Bands going
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GROUND ZERO, 3-DIGITS,
LUNATICS, VARIABLES,
GUARDIANS OF CHAOS,
AND A FEW
NO NAME BANDS
HECK THEM
DUT

THE NEW MUSIC

JUST FOR FUN Compilation tape is pretty
GOOD. In grad I had the chance to do it
DO A BETTER JOB YOURSELF
DONT SPEND TO GRAD ON
SOME OF THE PEOPLE HAVE BITCHED
MORE NEW BANDS AND
ARE THE WIMPS AND
DISMISSILE. See the
coming up.

Some of the Boys
Ratin AND Rollin



SEND ARTICLES, REVIEWS AND ASSORTED SHIT TO WES



Welcome back and thank you again for reading Comix Zone. With this segment, I'm going to talk about 5 books that are quite mainstream, but still good reads.

Venom. Yes, Spiderman's favorite alien symbiot has his own title again, but this time he's a lot bigger and badder than ever. Daniel Way is the writer for the new series along with Skottie Young pencilling. I really like Young's Humberto Ramos style of drawing, and the two make a team that is worthy of a three out of five star choice. Venom is on the Marvel line and goes for \$2.99.

Dr. Spectrum is out on the Marvel Max line. This is my personal favorite character from **Supreme Power**, and he now has his own title to tell all about his past. With a talented team of Sarah "Samm" Barnes as writer and Travel Foreman as the very talented penciller, Dr. Spectrum tells the story of an old soldier who is used in a test with an alien crystal. When they bond together, poor old Joe doesn't even know who he is anymore. I give this book 4 out of 5 stars and it runs for \$2.99 an issue.

Emma Frost tells the story of the White Queen growing up as a teenager, getting her mutant powers and learning how to use them. This is one of the most popular and longest running origin stories to date in the Marvel Universe, and Karl Bollers and Will Conrad will be climbing the ladders in the comic world. Another great man works on the book - Greg Horn. Horn paints all the covers and has won the book many awards just for his covers. **Emma Frost** is on the Marvel line and I give it 4 out of 5 stars. It's price is \$2.99 an issue.

Rising Stars. This sweeping superhero epic returns after a lengthy absence. Before reinvigorating Spiderman and reinventing the Squadron Supreme, J. Michael Straczynski crafted a superhero tale that found every witness to a strange phenomenon gaining super powers. They then embark on various personal adventures, both good and bad. **Rising Stars** is on Top Cow and I give it a 4 out of 5 star rating. \$2.99 an issue.

Conan: Artist Carey Nord wields his sword. Check out issue #6, the last part of the first arc. Whether it's Conan leading a bloody rebellion, scaling his way down an unclimbable mountain, or setting himself for revenge in the last panel, Nord's art cuts with Kurt Busiek's writings. **Conan** is on Dark Horse and gets a 5 out of 5 stars. \$2.99 an issue.

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REVIEWS

Candy Sniper. Low Art. Heavy sometimes, soft others. A little generic, a little innovative. Not much of a melody, with screaming vocals. They are a bit chaotic at times, but it's not very complicated. I'd like to see them live, understand what they are doing when they play their instruments. Nonlinear lyrics, screamed out in time with the music. I went everywhere for their purchase prices, but couldn't find it. Contact them at candysniper2002@yahoo.com also check out their web sight www.candysniper.is.com
-KMS

When I first saw **Chugga Chugga's** CD "Nine Times", I didn't pay much attention to it. It was given to me by a friend that aquired a few copies and I just stuck it in my bag, where it stayed for 3 months. One day, after cleaning out said bag, I figured I'd give it a chance. I was nothing short of blown away! It's by far, not my usual genre of choice. I like hardcore, metal, basic punk shit with a political or satirical message. The music on this CD is more like children's folk songs. It's two ladies singing harmonies over one instrument, usually an acoustic guitar or accordin, and sometimes some sort of percussian, like hand claps or a tamborine. The brilliance lies in it's simplicity and wit. By far my favorite is a song called "ADHD". It's story of a girl being grilled by her mother about her progress in school. First she tells her mom that she got an "A". Her mother's intuition leads to some prying about the actual grade being a "D", which is decidedly not good enough for her mother. The girl then retorts with a fictional grade of "H". Upon hearing her mother's obvious disbelief of this grade, the girl stomps out, once again proclaiming she received a "D". Get it? ADHD! The album is full of poinient social commentary delivered in a very fun way. Even this stubborn old punk rocker could dig this album in it's entirety. I defy anyone to overlook the brilliance of this release. It's for sale at a humble \$2 post-paid from **Chugga Chugga, 21417 Parker, Farmington Hills, MI 48336**
-JP

The Teeth's CD release of "More songs about money and animals" is carrying on the scattered tradition of local Ann Arbor punk bands like, Chore and JAKS, of completely deconstructing music and building it back up, better, faster and heavier. It's better like a complete paradigm shift, not like a symphony of talent. It's faster like a slight of hand trick, not like a Bad Brains album. It's heavier like a realization, not a like a death metal band. With songs about true stories, that are stranger than fiction, ripped right from headlines, the Teeth split your sides over and over with their lyrics. Both the music and the lyrics can't possibly sink in with just one pass. This album will have you riveted time and again, just trying to make sense of the calculated chaos being laid before you. You can contact the Teeth via email at apeatthebusstop@hotmail.com or go to theteethband.com to get this self-released masterpiece for \$5.
-JP

Bantha Fodder: This is a good album. The music is great. Fun, energetic and sometimes a little bit cute. The band defiantly has fun while playing. Drummer, singer has a bit of a hard time staying on tune, but it doesn't seem to matter
-KMS

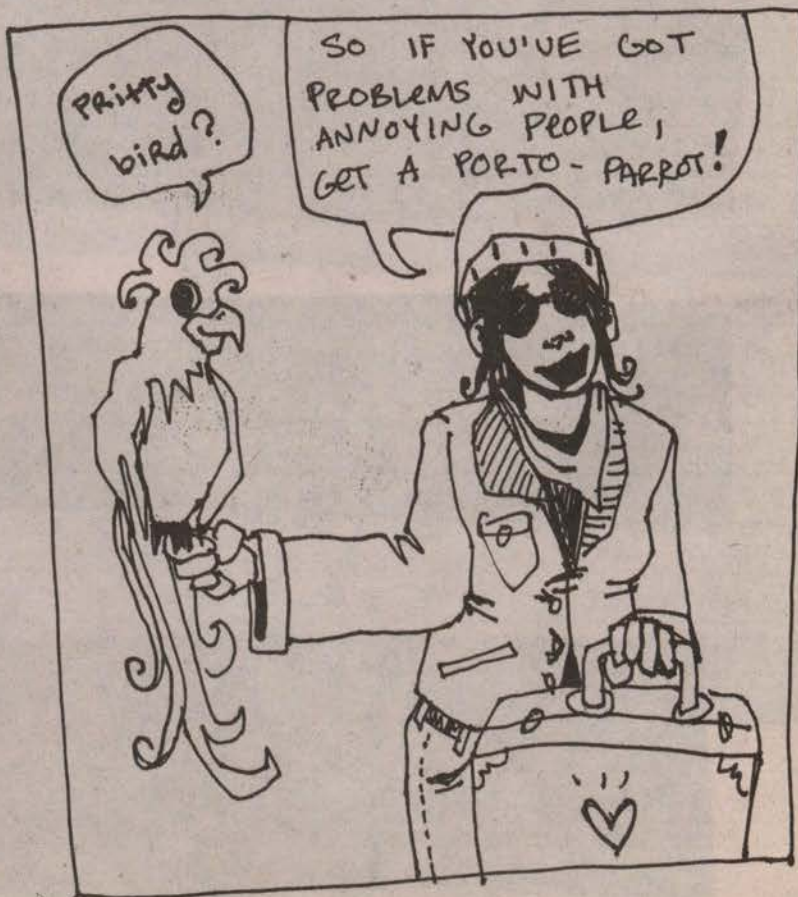
What happens when a bunch of dorks get together and play music? You get the **Onion Flavored Rings**. With a southern feel this CD is brilliant. From songs about death to songs about quantum physics this band gets to me. It touches me in that special, Against Me, Defiance Ohio way, and it can touch you too if you buy it... to go do your self a favor. I'm sure The Onion Flavored Rings will touch you too if you ask. Onion Flavored Rings 1450 7th Ave. #6 San Francisco, CA 94122 -KMS

This live performance by **Che-Ne** is more Pirate than the word ARRRRG. So much so that they say ARRRRG a few times in one of their songs. So much so, that I'm not sure if the band knows about the recording. You will thank your deity for this chance to hear Che-Ne live again and again. The recording is not bad. I mean you can actually hear the vocals. It's too pirate to understand them though. Che-Ne rocks and I don't know if they put any recordings out, so before you lose this chance buy... uh... just get the fucking CD. 3\$ ppd to Bad Idea. 807 N. Main St, Ann Arbor MI 48103 -KMS

Roses #1 is a very pretty zine. It's short and hard to understand. There are three stories about wacky stuff, like robots and insects. The art is great and the stories are not bad. It's a very fast read, but fun to read a second time. I think if I knew Rio I would like his zine more. I would know where it is coming from. He has a teleportation device. That I'm in to. Contact Rio at godschelling@hotmail.com. I couldn't find the info on how much it costs, but probably not much, and just for his art, it's probably worth it. -KMS

The Hip Mortician, Vol. 1 & 2 is another mini-zine by Mark Plaid. It's about a Mortician that does a lot of drugs and is "hip" (Hence the title). Very crude humor, mostly sex jokes. 50 cents ppd or trade. Mark Plaid. Goulstomper, P.O. Box 8793, Toledo, OH 43623. goulstomper@yahoo.com -KMS

Pancake Joe, Vol. 1 & 2 Short Mini-Zines about pancake Joe the guy who can flatten himself into a pancake. If you like potty humor, and dick jokes then you should get it. 50 cents PPD or trade. Mark Plaid. Goulstomper, P.O. Box 8793, Toledo, OH 43623. goulstomper@yahoo.com -KMS



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(ok, so they're CDs)

We record every show at the Bad Idea. Partly to preserve the history of the house and partly to give people the opportunity to listen to the bands the way they were heard. We burn the CDs ourselves and sell them for a little more than cost. The money goes to the magazine or else to help buy stuff for more shows. Because the recording quality varies, we have a "star" system to let you know what to expect. Basically, one is bad and five is good.

#1 Shi-Nei	102603	#27 Forward	..	61204
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#8 Bantha Fodder	2704	#34 Bury the Living	...	62104
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Diaries Of The Marginally Insane



DIARIES of The Marginally Insane



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ARACHIBUTROPHOBIA ORCHISTRA * AURAL SECT * AWESTRUCK * AXIS OF EVIL * AZREAL *
BARBED WIRE PLAYPEN * BATS * BATTALION * BAVY OF ANAL COCKSMEN * BIG BROWN
HOUSE * BIG CHIEF * BIG FUN * BITCHIN' SUMMER * BITTER PILLS * BLACK TIE AFFAIR *
BLOODPACT * BLOODY MARY * BLUE ONION * BOB THE SINGING BASS PLAYER * BONELESS
TOAST * BONKI * BORAX * BREATHING SELENAS * BREWTS * BRUTAL YOUTH * BURNING
SINATIONS * BUTLER * CABAL * CACTI * CAFFEINATED ASSAULT * CATHODE * CHAOS
THEORY * CHORE * CIVIL CONFUSION * CLOUD NINE * COBRA YOUTH * COCK FIGHT *
COKE'N'DONUTS * COLD AS LIFE * CORNISH IN A TURTLENECK * COSMICITY * COUCH * CREW
PIES * CRS * CULT HEROES * CULTURE SHOCK * DEBAUCHERY * DECAY OF THE ANGEL *
DELLEN * DESTROY ALL MONSTERS * DOG SOLDIERS * EL CHEAPO * ETC-A-SKE... * FAGS *
FIGHTING 69" * FISTFUCK USA * FLASHPAPR * 4% * GALEN * GERBILS * G.O.C. * GOD
BULLIES * GONDOLIER * GROUND ZERO * HEAD FACTORY * HOT POLLOI * HOLY COWS *
INBITTERED * JAKS * KICK LIKE CRAZY * KING CANUTE * KING VITAMIN * KUNG-FU FLIPPER
BABIES * LAB LOBOTOMY * LA' EXISTANCE * LARYNX ZILLIONS NOVELTY SHOP * LA
SHROEDER * LAUGHING HYENAS * LIBERATION BEAT THREAT * LOVESICK * MADAX *
MAZINGA * MHZ * RIMI-SYSTEMS * MR. VELOCITY HOPKINS * MOLTOV * MORTIFIED *
MONSTER BAIT * MONSTER YOUTH * MORSEL * HT, TAT * NADAST NATION * NAUTICAL
ALMANAC * NECROS * NEGATIVE APPROACH * NO COMPROMISE * NON-FICTION * OEDIPUS &
THE MOTHERFUCKERS * OHIO * OTTOS * PAPSNEAR * PERPLEXA * PIST'N'BROKE * PLUMBBOBS
* POPES * PTERODACTYLS * PUG UGLIES * RAIL REAN * RESTROOM POETS * ROKO * RON OF
JAPAN * RUSTY BRA HOOKS * SALVATIONARY MARCHING BAND * SCHEME * SCOT'S PYRATES *
SHORT DEAD DUDES * SKIN FLOWER * SNAKEOUT * SONIC'S RENDEVOUS BAND * SQUIDS *
STATE * STROKER ACE * STRAND * STRUT * SUPER GLEUTHS * SURROUNDED BY SNAKES *
TEETH * TIGER 100 * TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN * TRABAJAR * TRACTOR * TRIGGERS * TRUTH *
TUPELO PHANTOMS * TYPHOID MARY * UNDERMIND * VIOLENT RAMP * VIRUS 823 * VOMICA
* WALLING WALL * WHIPTAIL * WIG * WOLFGANG * YELLOW NO.5 * ZUG ISLAND QUARTET *

THE SHOULD BEEN THERE
SERIES IS A COLLECTION OF
UNRELEASED, OUT OF PRINT,
LIVE AND DEMO RECORDINGS.
BASICALLY, A WAY FOR PEOPLE
TODAY TO HEAR AREA BANDS
THAT ARE NO LONGER AROUND
AND WHOSE RECORDINGS ARE
NO LONGER AVAILABLE ANY
OR WERE NEVER RELEASED.
THIS PROJECT NEEDS YOUR HELP!
IF YOU HAVE MUSIC BY ANY
OF THE BANDS LISTED, PLEASE
CONTACT US. AUDIO OR VIDEO
RECORDINGS, ANY FORMAT WILL
WORK. THANKS ALOT!!!

No!No! records

HEY
LOOK

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(517) 712-4020
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